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John Scott
21 Abercromby Place
Edinburgh

NCL
Scot

A TRUE

# HISTORY

Of feveral Honourable Families of the Right Honourable NAME

OF

# SCOT,

In the Shires of Roxburgh and Selkirk, and others adjacent.
Gathered out of Ancient Chronicles, Hiſtories, and Traditions of our Fathers.

BY

Captain WALTER SCOT,

*An old Souldier, and no Scholler,*

*And one that can write name,*
*But juſt the Letters of his Name.*

L C

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P

John Scott
21 Abercromby Place
Edinburgh

NCL
Scot

Whereas other metal may ſerve as well,
Either copper, braſs, iron, or ſteill;
I wiſh true honour ſtill may be preſerv'd;
For many gets honour that n'ere does deſerv't:
The valiant Earl of Buckcleugh, when I was young,
To the buſh in Brabant with his regiment came,
Which is the ſpace of fifty nine years agone,
'I ſaw him in his arms appear,
'Which was on the ſixteen hundred and twenty ſeven year;
That worthy Earl his regiment was ſo rare,
All Hollands leagure could not with him compare;
Like Hannibal, that noble Earl he ſtood,
To the great effuſion of his precious blood;
The town was tane with a great loſs of men,
To the ſtates of Holland from the King of Spain.
His honour's praiſe, throughout all nations ſprung,
Born on the wings of Fame that he was Mars's ſon,
The very ſon of Mars, which furrowed Neptune's brow;
And over the dangerous deep undauntedly did plow.
He did eſteem his countries honour more,
Than life and pelf which peaſants does adore:
'His noble anceſtors their memories
'Are born on wings of Fame, as far as Titan's riſe;
And univerſally they are divulg'd from thence,
Through the circle of all Europe's circumference;
Let their example be a ſpur to you,
That you their worthy vertues may purſue.
They were brave men, I wiſh ye be ſo ſtill,
They had good courage guided with good ſkill,
Which ſkill and courage, fortune, grace, and will,
I do beſeech the Almighty to beſtow
On you their off-ſpring all, both high and low;
Time hath recorded Buckcleugh's matchleſs force,
By ſea or land with valiant foot or horſe;

He made France tremble, and Spain to quake;
The foundation of Brabant they made ſhake:
And as true valour did inſpire their breaſts,
So victory and honour crown'd their creſts,
Of both Walter Lord, and Walter Earl;
In the Netherlands they did ſo much prevail,
I wiſh your good intention may contain,
And you may be like them in every thing;
That as your parents are, ſo you may be
Like patterns unto your poſteritie.
That all your foes with terror now may know,
Some branches of Buckcleugh has beat them ſo;
True Honour, Fame and Victory attend you,
And great Jehovah in your juſt cauſe defend you;
That immortality your fames may crown,
And God may have the glory and renown.
When brave Earl Walter he was dead and gone,
He left his ſon Earl Francis in his room;
Who married when he was but young,
Before he came to perfection;
His age was twenty years and five,
When death depriv'd him of his life;
His Familie they were but twain,
He left them in the mother's keeping;
So by experience we ſee every day,
That bad things do increaſe, and good things do decay;
And vertue with much care from vertue breeds,
Vice freely ſprings from vice, like ſtinking weeds.
*Sardanapulus* King of Babylon,
Was to his concubines ſuch a companion,
That he in their attire, did ſhow, and ſign,
An exerciſe unfitting for a King:
Theſe, and a number more his fancy fed,
To compaſs which his ſhifts were manifold;
A bull, a ram, a ſwan, a ſhower of gold,

To dreadful thunder, and conſuming fire,
And all to quench his inward flames deſire:
Apollo turn'd fair Daphne into bay,
Becauſe ſhe from his luſt did flie away;
He lov'd his Hiacinth, and his Loronis,
As fervently as Venus and Adonis;
So much he from his god-head did decline,
That for a wench he kept Dametus kine;
And many other gods have gone aſtray,
If all be true, which Ovid's books doth ſay;
'Thus to fulfill their luſts, and win their Trulls,
'We ſee that theſe ungodly gods were Gulls;
The mighty captain of the Mermidons,
Being captivated to theſe baſe paſſions,
Met an untimely unexpected ſlaughter,
For fair Pollixena, King Priamus's daughter;
Lucretius rape was Tarquin's overthrow,
Shame often payes the debt that ſin doth owe;
What Philomela loſt, and Tyrus won,
It caus'd the luſtful father eat his ſon;
In this vice Nero took ſuch beaſtly joy,
He married was to Sperus a young boy;
And Piriander was with luſt ſo fed,
He with Meliſta lay when ſhe was dead,
Pigmalion with an image made of ſtone
Did love and lodge, I'll rather lie alone;
Ariſtophanes join'd in love would be,
'To Aſheas, but what an aſſe was he;
A Roman Appius did in goal abide
For love of fair Virginia, where he died;
That ſecond Henry aged childiſh fond
On the fair feature of fair Roſamond;
That it raiſed moſt unnatural and hateful ſtrife,
Betwixt himſelf, his children, and his wife;

The end of which was, that the jealous Queen,
Did poiſon Roſamond in furious ſpleen;
The fourth Engliſh King Edward lower did deſcend,
He to a gold-ſmith's wife his love did bend,
This ſuggred ſin hath been ſo general,
That it hath made the ſtrongeſt champions fall,
For Sichem raviſhed Diana; for which deed,
A number of the Sichemites did bleed;
And Sampſon the prime of manly ſtrength,
By Dalila was overcome at length:
King David frailly fell, and felt the pain,
And with much ſorrow was reſtor'd again.
Though Saul his foe he no way would offend,
Yet this ſin made him kill his loyal friend;
A man with Thamar inceſt did commit,
And Abſalom depriv'd his life for it.
And Solomon allow'd moſt royal means,
To keep three hundred concubines,
By whoſe means to idolatry he fell,
Almoſt as low, as to the gates of hell;
At laſt repenting, he made declaration,
That all was vanity, and ſp'rits vexation;
Abundance of examples men may find,
Of Kings and Princes to this vice inclin'd,
Which is no way for meaner men to go;
Becauſe their betters often wandred ſo:
For they were plagu'd of God, and ſo ſhall we,
Much more, if of their ſin we partners be.
To ſhew what women have been plunged in,
The bottomleſs abyſs of this ſweet ſin;
There are examples of them infinit,
Which I ne're mean to read, much leſs to writ,
To pleaſe the reader, though I'll ſet down ſome,
As they unto my memory do come.

*Now I leave the familie, and return again to brave* Lord Walter, *his ſon* Walter *Earl in* Scotland, *where theſe worthy Lords were*

LORD of Buckcleugh into the Scots border
' Was high Lord Warden, to keep them in good order;
On that border was the Armſtrangs, able men,
Somewhat unruly, and very ill to tame;
I would have none think that I call them thieves;
For if I did, it would be arrant lies;
For all Frontiers, and Borders, I obſerve,
Wherever they lie, are Free-booters,
And does the enemy much more harms,
Than five thouſand marſhal-men in arms;
The Free-booters venture both life and limb,
Good wife, and bairn, and every other thing;
He muſt do ſo, or elſe muſt ſtarve and die;
For all his lively-hood comes of the enemie:
His ſubſtance, being, and his houſe moſt tight,
Yet he may chance to loſs all in a night;
' Being driven to poverty, he muſt needs a Free-booter be,
Yet for vulgar calumnies there is no remedie:
An arrant liar calls a Free-booter a thief,
A freebooter may be many a man's relief:
A free-booter will offer no man wrong,
Nor will take none at any hand;
He ſpoils more enemies now and then,
Than many hundreds of your marſhal-men:
Near to a border frontier in time of war,
There ne'er a man but he's a free-booter:
Where fainting fazard dare not ſhow their face;
And calls their offspring thieves to their diſgrace;
Theſe are ſerpents ſpirits, and vulgar ſlaves,
That ſlanders worthies ſleeping in their graves.

But if fourty countrymen had ſuch raſcalls in bogs,
They'd make them run like feltered foals from dogs;
The Scot and Ker the mid border did poſſeſs,
The Humes poſſeſt the eaſt, and the Johnſtons the weſt,
With their adjacent neighbours, put the Engliſh to more pains,
Nor half the north, and all three Lothians:
Yet with the Free-booters I have not done,
I muſt have another fling at him,
Becauſe to all men it may appear,
The Free-booter he is a volunteer;
In the muſter-rolls he has no deſire to ſtay,
He lives by purchaſe, he gets no pay:
King Richard the ſecond of England ſent,
A great army well arm'd into Scotland,
Through Cumberland they came by his command;
And ordain'd to croſs the river at Solway ſand.
In Scotland King Robert Stuart the firſt did reign,
Yet had no intelligence of their coming;
The Free-booters there they did conveen,
To the number of four or five hundred men:
In ambuſh theſe volunteers lay down,
And waited whilſt the army came;
At a cloſs ſtrait place, there they did ſtay,
Where they knew the Engliſh could not get by-way;
And when they came the ambuſh nigh,
They roſe with clamours and ſhouting high:
Which terrified the Engliſh men,
That they drown'd moſt part in Solway Sand:
It's moſt clear, a Free-booter doth live in hazard's train,
A Free-booter's a caveleer that ventures life for gain:
But ſince King James the ſixth to England went,
There has been no cauſe of grief,
And he that hath trangreſſed ſince then,
Is no Free-booter, but a thief.

In Queen Elizabeth's reign ſhe kept a ſtrong garriſon,
At Carliſle, that ſink-port,
Of horſe and foot, a thouſand men compleat,
The governor was the Lord Scroup,
It fell about the Martinmaſs, when kine was in the prime,
Then Kinment Willy, and his friends, they did to England run.
Oxen and kine they brought a prey out of Northumberland,
Five and fifty in a drift, to Canninbie in Scotland:
The owners pityfully cry'd out they were undone,
Then to the governor they came, and ſeriouſly did complain:
The Lord Scroup heard their whole complaint,
And bad them go home again, and no more lament,
For before the ſun did riſe or ſet,
He ſhould be reveng'd on Kinment:
Anone he charged the trumpeters, they ſhould ſound Booty-ſaddle,
Juſt at that time the moon was in her prime,
He needed no torch light:
Lord Scroup he did to Scotland come,
Took Kinment the ſelf ſame night:
If he had had but ten men more, that had been as ſtout as he,
Lord Scroup had not the Kinment tane with all his company;
But Kinment being priſoner, Lord Scroup he had him tane,
In Carliſle caſtle he him laid, in irons and fetters ſtrong:
Then ſcornfully Lord Scroup did ſay,
In this caſtle thou muſt lie,
Before thou goeſt away, thou muſt
Even take thy leave of me;
He mean'd that he ſhould ſuffer death before he went away;
By the croſs of my ſword ſays Willy then,
I'll take my leave of thee,
Before e're I go away, whether I live or die;
Theſe news came forth to bold Buckcleugh,
Lord Warden at that time,
How Lord Scroup Carliſle's governour
Had Kinment Willy tane;

ıat way ? Buckcleugh did ſay,
ſcroup muſt underſtand,
ıe has not only done me wrong,
y ſoveraign James of Scotland :
ıveraign Lord King of Scotland
s not his couſin Queen,
ffer to invade his land,
ut leave aſked and given ;
ſtole into my maſter's land,
is within my command,
ı a plund'ring hoſtile way,
thee underſtand ;
day-light came thou ſtole a man,
ke a thief thou run away ;
:tter came to Lord Scroup's hand,
from Buckcleugh was ſent,
ng him then to releaſe Kinment,
he ſhould repent ;
ıd is not a fitting part,
ıſe England is the ſame ;
thou carry a valiant heart, I'le fight thee in Holland ;
thou and I may both be free, which of us wins the day,
: no cauſe of mutiny, nor invaſions prey ;
inces rare will not compare for dignity and fame,
ing doth tranſgreſs their laws what we do in Holland :
ıeſſage by a drummer ſent,
Governour Lord Scroup,
lous anſwer he returned,
made bold Buckcleugh to doubt ;
e muſt into Carliſle ride,
tch the Kinment out,
mſtrong was a hardy name
ir own country ;
: Clim of the Cleugh and little John,
gland they did prey,

Kinment's

Kinment's ſirname was Armſtrong,
He from Giltknocky ſprang;
But Mengertoun he was the chief
Of the name of Armſtrong,
It was not for their own reſpects,
That Buckcleugh turned their guardian;
It was for the honour of Scotland,
By reaſon he was Lord Warden;
He ſtorm'd that any ſhould preſume
To enter the Scots border,
Either Corniſh, Iriſh, Engliſh, Welch,
Unleſs they had his order;
If he had known when Lord Scroup did appear,
To enter the Scots ground, he had call'd up his rear;
But ſince he miſt him in all Scotland's bounds,
In England he gave him ſowre pears for plums.

*Here follows how the* Lord Buckcleugh *affronts the* Lord Scroup, *by letters, and then by taking him priſoner out of the caſtle of Car by a ſtratagem.*

THUS being vext, he ſhew the friends of the name,
How the Lord Scroup had Willy Kinment tane;
And ſaid, if they would but take part with him,
He knew a way to bring him back again;
To which demand they preſently did conclude,
They would ſerve his honour to the laſt drop of their blood:
For certainty did prov'd to be a truth,
He'll ſtill be call'd the good Lord of Buckcleugh;
His friend's advice that he deſired to know,
Was Howpaſly, Thirlſtone, Bonitown, and Tuſhilaw,
And Gaudilands his uncle's ſon,
With Whiteſlade, Headſhaw, and Sinton,

And Gilbert Elliot he was not of his name,
But was his Honour's couſin-german;
Thoſe gentlemen in vote did all agree,
Five hundred to march in his Honour's company;
He thank'd them for their vote, and ſaid, that muſt not be,
Pick me out choſen men, no more but thirty three;
At Thirlſton his brethren they did begin,
They being the firſt couſin-german,
Both Walter and William was there in brief,
And preſented their ſervice unto their chief;
Then Tuſhilaw did follow them,
And ſent his two ſons James and John,
With Mr Arthur Scot of Newburgh,
And Robert Scot of Gilmarſcleugh,
Bowill his Brother William did thither come,
And John Scot brother to Bonnitoun;
So did William of Haining, a valiant ſquire,
And William Scot of Hartwoodmire,
And William of Midgap came theretill,
He was grandſir to this laird of Horſlyhill;
Walter of Diphope a mettal man,
And John of Middleſtead together came;
Robert of Huntly he did not fail,
He came with the Scots of the water of Ail;
So did Walter of Todrig that well could ride,
And Robert Scot brother to Whitſlade,
Andrew of Sallinſide he was one,
With James of Kirkhouſe, and Aſkirks John;
Robert of Headſhaw himſelf would gang,
He was his Honour's couſin-german;
Linton and Wall, they ſtay'd at home,
Kirkhouſe and Aſkirk went in their room;
Becauſe it was my Lord's decree,
But younger brethren they all ſhould be;

Some ſtout and valiant able men,
They would not ſtay at home,
And ſome related to my Lord they needs would go along,
Although my Lord to friends had letten't fall,
He would not have a landed man at all;
Yet valiant men they would not bide,
As appear'd by Hardin, Stobs, and Commonſide;
They counted not their lives and lands ſo dear,
As the loſs of the leaſt title of their chief's honour.
But now I come for to explain,
The reſt of theſe three and thirty men;
Satchells and Burnfoot they croſs'd theſe ſtrands,
With Burnfoot in Tiviot and Gaudilands,
Hardin and Stobs before I did name,
Now follows Howfoord and Robertoun,
Howpaſly he ſent out his brother,
And Allan Haugh ſent out another;
Clack and Alton did both accord,
To preſent their ſervice unto my Lord;
Haſſenden came without a call,
The antienteſt houſe among them all.
Thus I have gone through with pain,
To reckon the three and thirty men;
Theſe gentlemen were all Scots,
Except Gilbert Elliot of the Stobs,
Which was a valiant gentleman,
And, as ſaid before, my Lord's couſin-german;
Theſe gentlemen did all conveen,
At Brankſome-gate his Honour to attend;
They neither knew the cauſe, nor what the cauſe might be,
Before they came the length of Netherbie;
Although his Honour's truſty friend did ken,
Both ſome that went with him, and ſome that ſtay'd at home;

They had it on parol under great ſecrecy,
And to reveal't was worſe than infamy;
When it pleas'd my Lord to ride, no man did know,
What his intention was, and whether he did go;
Except his counſellors, knights and gentlemen of fame,
Which paſſed not above ſeven or eight in all the name;
Wherever he went, he had one or two of them,
And for the reſt he let them nothing ken.
But now for to proceed without delay,
Buckcleugh from Brankſom took the way,
Through the woods of Eſk in a full carrier went he,
To the Woodhouſlies which is near to Netherbie;
And there a while continued he,
He brought wrights along in his company;
And cauſed them ſcaling-ladders make,
Although the wrights knew not for what;
Both artificial, long and ſtrong,
There was ſix horſemen to carry them along;
In a high carrier my Lord did ride,
To the Woodhouſlies on the border ſide;
For Netherbie is in Engliſh ground,
But the Woodhouſlies is in Scotland;
There is a long mile them between,
Divided by the river of Eſk her furious ſtreams;
My Lord cauſed raiſe a vulgar report,
That he was only come to hold a juſtice-court:
Which cauſed fugitives to flie,
Unto the woods and mountains high;
And for the ladders tight and tall,
Was made for the towers of Brankſom-hall;
Though it was made long and ſtrong and moſt compleat,
To reach Carliſle's caſtle's battlement;
Such excuſes there was for every thing,
But for's Honour's intention there was no din;

Moſt privately he his courſe did ſteer,
About Chriſtmas, the hinder end of the year:
The day was paſt before the wrights had done,
Then it was long eight mile to Carliſle town,
The way was deep, and the water ſo ſtrong,
' And the ladder was fifty foot long;
The firmament was dark, the gods was not in place,
Them Madam Night did ſhow her ebon'd face;
Luna in ſable mantle her courſe did ſteer,
And Jupiter he no way did appear;
Then ſcorching Sol, he was gone to his reſt
And Titan had tane lodging in the weſt;
Saturn he did rule into that ſtrain,
Mars and Venus under cloud remain'd;
Jove's thunder-bolts in ſkies did not appear,
Juno maſk'd in fog, the night was no ways clear;
But yet his Honour he did no longer bide,
But paced throughout the muir to the river Eden-ſide;
Near the Toniſh-bank my Lord a time did ſtay,
And left the one half of his company,
For fear they had made noiſe or din,
Near the caſtle they ſhould come,
The river was in no great rage,
They croſs'd near half a mile below the bridge;
Then along the ſands with no noiſe at all,
They come cloſe under the caſtle wall;
Then maſk'd Midnight ſlowth did keep,
And mortal eyes was inclin'd to ſleep;
Immediately they did their ladder plant,
Which reach'd the caſtle's battlement;
Then up the ladder they reer but doubt,
And broke a ſheet of leid on the caſtle top,
A paſſage made, and in they came,
The Cape-houſe door they burſt in twain;
Then down the ſtairs they come amain,
Where Kinment fetter'd lay within,

with fore-hammers doors they broke down,
ng the Lord Scroup, and all his garriſon;
ıors'd Kinment with his bolts upon a ſtrong man's back,
› the caſtle top in the ladder they did him ſet,
'arden's trumpets did moſt ſweetly ſound,
put the garriſon in a fear,
ll Scotland was come;
›vernour thought the caſtle had been gone,
ended for to run and ſurely to ſave none;
Kinment ſaid, when firſt here I did come,
croup engaged me to take leave of him;
with a turning voice he did cry out;
ll, farewell, to my good Lord Scroup,
terrified the Engliſh more,
hundred times than they were before;
lown the ladder in haſte they Willy gat,
t him ſadle-aſide upon a horſe's back.
time the trumpets ſounded, Come if ye dare,
were the laſt men that came down the wooden ſtair,
mounted all with ſpeed, and ſafely did return
lf ſame way they formerly did come;
›bſerv'd neither file nor rank,
net with the reſt of the party at Stenick's bank;
's dark muirs they did paſs through,
was never a man did them purſue,
ıe's water they come with ſpeed,
paſt the muirs on the other ſide;
Kinment Willy cry'd out with pain,
id his irons had him undone,
hich to his legs ſtuck like burs,
ever before rode with ſuch large ſpurs;
ay'd for no ſmith on the Engliſh ground,
ınninbie they arrived into Scotland;
ut loſs or hurt to any man,
ınninbie a ſmith they fand;

By that time Aurora did appear,
Then bright Phœbus ſpread her beams moſt clear ;
The ſmith on haſte was ſet to work,
' And fyl'd the irons off Willy Kinment ;
Yet Kinment Willie durſt not ſtay at home,
But to Brankſome place, he with his Honour came.
The Lord Scroup afrighted, he did to London hie,
' And to Elizabeth his queen, he form'd many a lie ;
And that how King James the ſixth of Scotland then
Sent to aſſault her caſtle with an hoſt of men :
Which put her garriſon in a terrible fear,
And the villain Kinment Willy carried away clear ;
Such numbers broke in at the caſtle top,
And brought Kinment Willy out of the pit :
He told the queen he thought to flee in haſte,
The city could not ſtand, the caſtle being loſt,
The vulgar being amazed in ſuch a ſort,
It was bright day or he durſt open the port :
They had left the ladder ſtanding at the wall :
But in haſte they were returned to Scotland all :
Wherefore in ſign and token of my loyalty,
I here complain of Scotland's villany,
And eſpecially of that deſperat youth,
The Scots warden, he's call'd, lord of Buckcleugh :
The queen cauſed her council to conveen,
And ſhew them how Carliſle's garriſon,
Late by the Scots ſhe was affronted,
For they on her caſtle were high mounted :
And broke in at the very top,
And reliev'd Kinment from the pit,
The Queen and her council did command,
A meſſenger to paſs into Scotland,
To aſk King James what was his reaſon,
In a hoſtile way to aſſault the garriſon

With ſuch an hoſt of men of war,
And fetcht away her priſoner:
The King the meſſage ſoon did underſtand,
And ſhew his cuſin the Queen of England,
He then deſired her Majeſty,
She would be pleaſed and ſatisfied,
And underſtand how things are come and gone,
Which of the nations had done other wrong:
To make herſelf the judge, he was content,
And according to their merits ſhe ſhould give out judgement:
For on his royal word he did explain,
Scroup was firſt faulter to the Scots nation:
Lord Scroup he did begin to that effect,
To invade our land, and impriſon our ſubjects:
With three hundred horſe to come into our land,
Without leave of our warden, or any of our command:
A very inſolent act againſt our crown and dignity,
By the law of arms, he doth deſerve to die:
Our ſtout lord warden not being in place,
Though Scroup much wrong'd our nation, and did him diſgrace;
It ſeems he did appeal him privately to fight,
But like a coward he did his challenge ſlight:
And ſo without our order, he went out,
To be reveng'd upon the baſe Lord Scroup:
No more but ſixteen men to Carliſle came,
And gave alarm to caſtle and the town,
Wherein a thouſand did remain,
Your Majeſty may think he was a ſtout captain;
Our priſoner he did but relieve again,
And none of your ſubjects either hurt or ſlain:
We think his valour merits ſome reward,
That of your towers and caſtles no way was afraid;
We think your governour deſerves both lack and ſhame,
That ſuffered ſixteen men your priſoner to gain:

That

That governour is not a ſouldier ſtout,
Who being a thouſand ſtrong, and durſt not ventur out:
With letters to ſuch purpoſe the meſſenger did return,
And expreſly ſhew the Queen, ſhe being at London;
Her council did conveen, and the decree gave out,
'That Scroup was all the blame of the paſſage went about:
The Engliſh council call'd Buckcleugh a man compleat,
'Which did merit honour, he muſt be of a heroic ſpirit:
Both King and council founded his commendation,
Wiſhing for many ſuch within their Engliſh nation:
Such praiſes made the Queen her royal Majeſty
Be moſt deſirous that bold Buckcleugh to ſee.
The Queen wrote to King James,
All the whole and ſole truth,
With a fervent deſire to ſee the lord Buckcleugh.
The King ſent for Buckcleugh, and to him did unfold,
Shewing him, he muſt go ſee
His cuſin, Queen of England:
Buckcleugh did yeeld to venture life and land,
And do whatever the King did him command:
A certain time the King did him confer,
And ſhew he was a free man, and no priſoner;
You with your ſervants had beſt go there by land,
For all you have to do, it's to kiſs our cuſin's hand:
The fixed day when that my Lord ſhould go,
Was in the month of March, when huſbandmen corn ſow;
A rumor roſe, and ſpread through the whole country,
How the Lord Buckcleugh he muſt at London die;
Upon the fixed day his Honour went,
Which cauſed many hundreds to lament,
Which ſaid alas! they were undone,
And fear'd my Lord ſhould ne're return again;
The whole name of *Scot*, and all his friends about,
Maxwel and Johnſton conveyed him out;
The Humes came from the Merſs,

And in Ednem-Haugh did bide;
A thouſand Gentlemen conveyed him over Tweed;
They put him to Flowden field,
The length of Scotland's ground;
And there took leave, and back again return'd;
Toward London rode, they did themſelves apply,
Thirlſton, Sir Robert Scot bear his Honour company;
No more there paſt with his Honor along,
But three domeſtick ſervants, and Sir Robert Scot had one:
The day being Tueſday, twenty four mile they wan,
And lodged in Morpeth, into Northumberland;
On Wedenſday twenty four miles they came,
Into the principality of Durham;
On Thurſday they their courſe did ſteer,
Thirty four miles to Borrow-bridge in York-ſhire;
On Friday to Duncaſter his Honor bade;
Twenty eight mile that day he no leſs rade:
To view the town his Honor did deſire,
It being within the county of York-ſhire;
For as men paſs along the road,
York-ſhire is ſixty ſix miles broad;
On Saturday, twenty eight mile he went,
To New-wark town that ſtands upon Trent,
And all the Sabbath his Honor did remain,
The town lies in the county of Notingham;
On Munday he his courſe did ſteer,
Twenty ſix miles to Stenfoord in Lincoln-ſhire;
On Tueſday twenty ſhort mile he came,
To the town and ſhire called Huntingtoun;
On Wedneſday his Honor did fare,
Twenty nine miles to Ware in Hartford-ſhire;
On Thurſday he did go betwixt,
Ware and Troynovent in Middleſex,
Troynovent was the antient name;

King Lud brought it to be call'd London.
He did not ſooner London gain,
Till it was noiſed among the Engliſh-men,
They run in flocks, and did on's Honor gaze,
As he had been the monſter ſlain by Hercules,
The people to their neighbours did cry out,
Come let us go, and ſee that valiant Scot:
Which out of Carliſle ſtoutly took,
Kinment in ſpight of our Lord Scroup,
In Carliſle Kinment did remain,
Whilſt this Scot fetcht him out, and had but ſixteen men,
At London Kinment Willy his name was better known,
Nor it was in the Border-ſide where his fore-fathers were born:
But now for to conclude within a little time,
The good Lord of Buckcleugh to the Engliſh court did win;
That valiant cavalier he came with ſuch a grace,
The Engliſh wardens uſher'd him to the preſence;
Notice came to the Queen, that bold Buckcleugh was there,
Then ſhe left her private chamber, and in preſence did appear;
The Queen in modeſty, a complement did frame,
Deſiring to know the health of his maſter,
Her couſin good King James,
A ſign of war to me appears, and makes great variance;
Amongſt ſuch blades who do invade,
And become league-breakers,
Since ye intrude within our border,
And did aſſault our gariſon,
And Kinment reliev'd without order;
Ye make but a ſcar-crow of England's Queen,
I thought my cuſin James yet King,
Should never done his friend ſuch wrong,
But this I leave to another time;
He may repent or it be long.

*Buckcleugh's*

*Buckcleugh's* Speech.

THEN bold Buckcleugh ſpoke forth the truth ;
And to the Queen he did declare :
His maſter Scotland's King was free of every thing,
It is your Majeſty that makes all the jars ;
Your Majeſty did order give,
As it appears the Lord Scroup lately ſaid,
That with three hundred horſe he would march north,
My maſter's kingdom to invade ;
And took his ſubjects there captive.
This will appear to be a wrong,
And in Carliſle keept him in bondage,
Where he laid him into fetters ſtrong,
Whilſt I have life, or any ſtrength :
I'le fight for my maſter's dignity,
His captive ſubjects to relieve,
By truth it ſhall not fail in me :
My Royal Maſter, and dread Soveraign,
am his Majeſtie's ſubject born,
nd to none other prince but he,
o the oath of alledgeance I'le be ſworn :
Wherever his ſubjects are priſoners tane,
I can relieve them, they ſhall not remain.
never thought of ſuch a lawleſs act,
o invade your nation, and your ſubjects take ;
I had done, your Majeſty had ſtorm'd,
t unlawful tane, unlawful he return'd,
hen any of your ſubjects unlawfully broke out,
ever did intrude like your governour Lord Scroup,
t to your wardens I did ſtill complain,
o ſent me his malefactor, I ſent him mine again.

*The Queen's* Anſwer.

THE Queen ſhe lent attentive ear,
And of his Honour's courage ſhe did much admire,
My Lord, ſhe ſaid, your ſpeech I'll keep in mind,
And anſwer you at ſome other time;
But neither at court, nor council ye ſhall appear,
For I conceive you're a reſolute cavalier:
At Channel-hall your lodging ſhall be there,
Then through our privy-garden to court ye may repair,
For your diſport when to the court ye come,
Peruſe our library, either even or morn,
At your own pleaſure what time ſo e're it be,
And for your clearer paſſage ye ſhall have a private key,
Except our counſellors and officers in charge,
We do not grant to any, but your merits to deſerve;
Thrice worthy Lord, your merits do proclaim,
How honour's noble mark is ſtill your aim;
And to attain the which thou holds thy hands to ſtudy,
That thy deſerts by fame has won thee gain already,
Induſtrious loyalty doth uſe, and all men tell,
To aim at honour it levels very well,
And in your truſty ſervice ſhot compleat,
That in the end he's ſure have hit the white;
Let fortune frown or ſmile ye are content,
At all eſſays to bear a heart true bent,
Though ſin and hell work mortals to betray,
Againſt their malice God hath arm'd thy way:
When life and land and all away is fled,
Yet thy noble actions is much honoured,
Thy loyal ſervice to thy King doth prove,
That to thy country thy heart is join'd in love;
Love is a dying life, a living death,
A vapour, ſhadow, a bubble, and a breath;

An idle babble, and a poultrey toy,
Whoſe greateſt pattern is a blinded boy,
When fortune, love and death their taſk hath done,
Fame makes our life through many ages run;
For be our actions good or ill,
Fame keeps a record of our doings ſtill:
By fame great Julius Caeſar ever lives,
And fame infamous life to Nero gives:
Thoſe that 'ſcapes fortune and extreams of love,
Unto their longeſt homes by death are driven,
When Caeſar, Keſar ſubjects, objects moſt,
Be all alike conſum'd to dirt and duſt,
Death endeth all our cares, or cares increaſe,
It ſends us into laſting pain or bleſs.
Awake, awake my muſe, thou ſleeps too long,
To bold Buckcleugh again I will return,
Expreſſing of the time that he did there reſort,
And his entertainment at the Engliſh court,
For banquets, he had ſtore, and that moſt free,
Each day by ſome of their nobility;
His attendance was by nobles there,
As he had been a prince late come from afar;
The north-country Engliſh could not be at reſt,
While the Scots warden came to be their gueſt
Six weeks at court continued he,
Still feaſted with their nobility;
To the Queen's majeſty he made redreſs,
When ſhe would be pleaſed he ſhould go from hence;
The Queen was mute, and let the queſtion ſlide,
Yet wiſhed that he might there abide;
But yet the King of Scots ſhe had no mind to wrong,
By reaſon that he was her royal dear couſin,
To whom ſhe hop'd to prove as kind,
As mother might do, to pleaſe his mind;

What miſſes are paſt, we do declare,
Your King our couſin will us repair,
Your maſter our couſin and we will agree,
We have already acquainted his majeſty;
But, my Lord, if you will here remain,
Or if you will return again,
At your maſter's hands we'll get you free,
' And here you ſhall have a ſallary.
He humbly thank'd her majeſty,
Showing the Queen that could not be,
For he had ſervice in Holland,
And was bound to obey his maſter's command;
It was two much to be bound to three,
So beg'd that he might pardon'd be.
The Queen anſwer'd, my Lord, ſince it is ſo,
Ye ſhall be diſpatch'd within a day or two,
And a letter ye ſhall carry along with thee
To our couſin of Scotland's majeſtie,
Wherein your heroic ſpirit we muſt commend,
And intend hereafter to be your friend;
Next day ſhe call'd her ſecretar,
And charg'd him a letter to prepare,
To his majeſty's King of Scotland,
Wherein the lets him underſtand,
She had paſt from her former wrong,
By reaſon Buckcleugh was a valiant man.
Caeſar and Tammerlan are valiant men, that's plain,
But in their own perſon they ventured not like him;
Regulus and Schipio was ſhort of him againſt their foe,
Moſt ſtout Buckcleugh with his ſmall train,
Scal'd a caſtle, and had but ſixteen men,
And brought a priſoner with him along,
That was bound in chains and irons moſt ſtrong,

Mounts to the caſtle top ſo high,
And cliverly brought him away;
Yet a thouſand men there was within,
Of horſe and foot in the gariſon,
Although it did us much offend,
Yet his courage we muſt commend;
The Queen to him the letter gave,
And pleaſantly ſhe took her leave,
Wiſhing him a good journey home,
In hopes no more her caſtle he'd ſtorm.
Now I not intend for to ſet down,
How that his Honour returned home;
But James the Sixth that gracious King,
Was well content of his home coming.

*Now follows the Antiquity of the Name of* Scot.

SINCE from all danger Buckcleugh was free,
I muſt ſpeak ſomething of his familie,
That Lord Buckcleugh his fame ſpread far,
Call'd Walter Lord Scot of Whitcheſter;
'Some late ſtart-up bran-new gentlemen,
'That hardly knows from whence their fathers came,
Except from red nos'd Robin,
Or Trail Wallet, countrey Tom,
'The ſons of Cannongate Beſs,
'That well could play her game;
Whoſe labouring heads as great as any houſe,
Theſe calumnizing fellows can ſtagger ſtare and ſhame,
And ſwear the name of Scot is but a new com'd name,
Theſe new cornuted gentlemen, why ſhould they lie,
'Mr George Buchannan and Hector Boetius can let them ſee,
A thouſand years, if I do not forget,
By chronicles I'le prove the name of Scot,

In

In King Achaius time that worthy prince,
John and Clement Scots they went to France,
In Paris they at firſt began,
In Charles the Great his time,
To inſtruct the Chriſtian religion,
And there a colledge they did frame,
Which doth remain unto this very time;
And he that doth not believe me,
' Muſt read Buchannan, and he ſhall ſee;
Some other authors I could give in,
But theſe are ſufficient to them that's not blind.
Some ſays, they were not Scots to their name,
But only Scots by nation,
Yet Monks of Melroſs they were known,
Which then was in the Picts kingdom.
John Earl of Channerth ſirnamed Scot,
To die without ſucceſſion was his unfortunate lot:
Brave Alexander the firſt, a King both ſtout and good,
John Earl of Channerth married with his royal blood.
Before Alexander the firſt his brother Edgar did reign,
The firſt that was anointed of Scotland King;
Reverend John Scot he did ſurmount,
Who was Biſhop Dumblane, and did the King anoint:
Mr Michael Scot that read the epiſtle at Rome,
He was in King Alexander the ſecond's reign,
Thomas Lermont was firſt his man,
That was called the Rymer ever ſince then;
And if my author doeth ſpeak truth,
Mr Michael was deſcended from Buckcleugh;
And if my author ye would know,
Biſhop Spotſwood's book theſe Scots do ſhow:
How can theſe randy liars then,
Make the Scots to be a ſtart-up clan,
Sure new ſtart-ups themſelves muſt be,
For ancient families ſcorn to lie:

ut for the antiquity of the *Scot*,
'here's one thing I have almoſt forgot,
Vhich is not worthy of nomination,
et to mark antiquity, I'le make relation;
i the ſecond ſeſſion of King David's parliament,
here was a ſtatute made, which is yet extant,
hat no man ſhould preſume to buy or ſell,
'ith Highland men or *Scots* of Ewſdale;
et Ewſdale was not near the forreſt,
'here brave Buckcleugh did dwell,
:cording to the old proverb,
hey but fell from the Wain's tail,
it when theſe *Scots* did bear that ſtile,
ing David reſided in Carliſle,
'ithout and infang they diſturb'd his court,
'hich caus'd the King that act ſet out:
ere I ſpeak nought but truth, all men may note,
he very true antiquity of the name of Scot,
nd now my verſing muſe craves ſome repoſe,
And while ſhe ſleeps, I'll ſpout a little proſe.

KENNETH the ſecond King of Scots, ſon to King Alpin, who was ſon to brave King Achaius forſaid, who made the league th Charles the Great Emperor of Germany, and King of France, the ar ſeven hundred eighty ſeven; this King Kenneth called the Great, nquered the kingdom of the Picts, about the year of grace eight ndred and thirty nine, and join'd the kingdom of Picts unto the an- nt nation of Scotland. This victorious King Kenneth the ſecond dy- in the twenty year of his reign: The kingdom not being well ſettled obedience to the crown, his brother Donald the fifth ſucceeded him, very infamous King, and a great tyrant; he loſt all Scotland to Strivi- g-bridge, by the Brittans and Saxons, the which time the King Of- dge conquered great lands in Scotland, aſſiſted by the Brittans; ſo

that Striviling-bridge was made marches betwixt Scots, Brittans, and Engliſhmen. King Oſbridge coined money in the caſtle of Striviling, by that the Starling money had firſt beginning, and died in the fifth year of his reign. King Conſtantin the ſecond, the Conqueror's ſon, a valiant King, in whoſe time Heger and Hoba, with a great fleet of Danes landing in Fife, uſed great cruelty. King Conſtantin the ſecond came with a great army againſt Hoba, and vanquiſhed him; the Scots being proud of that victory, and neglecting themſelves, there followed a cruel and deſperat battle; at laſt the Scots were vanquiſhed, and King Conſtantin with his nobles, and ten thouſand of his army, killed in the fifteen year of his reign: Ethus, ſirnamed the Swift, ſucceeded his father King Conſtantin; he died in the ſecond year of his reign: Gregorius Magnus, Dongallus ſon, a worthy, ſtout, and valiant King, he freed Scotland all again from Oſbridge, Saxons, and Engliſhmen; and enlarged his empire to the county and ſhire of Northumberland, Weſtmurland, and Cumberland; and confederat with Eleward King of Brittans, and after went to Ireland, and vanquiſhed Braenus and Cornelius, after beſieged Dublin, wherein was their young King Duncan, to whom he was made protector, during the King's minority; then returned to Scotland with a victorious army, and brought threeſcore pledges of the Iriſh nobility and gentry, under the age of thirty years; he died in the eighteen year of his reign. Donald the ſixth was ſon to Conſtantin the ſecond, a good, religious, valiant King; he ſucceeded King Gregory; in his time the Murrays and Roſſes invading each other, with cruel killing, two thouſand were killed in either parties; the King came upon them with a great army, and puniſhed the principal of this rebellion to the death; he died in the eleventh year of his reign. Conſtantin the third, Ethus' ſon, ſucceeded him, a valiant prince, not fortunate in wars, he being vexed with war in the time of King Edward, ſurnamed Sinar, of the Saxons kind, and Edlſton his baſtard ſon; he became a Canon in St. Andrew's, and died in the forty year of his reign: Malcolm the firſt, Donald the ſixth's ſon, a valiant prince, and a good juſtitiar; in his time, a confederacy was made, that Cumberland and Weſtmurland ſhould be annexed to the kingdom of Scotland, and ſhould be perpetually holden

by

by the prince of Scotland of fee, from the king of England, by virtue whereof, Indolphus, ſon to Conſtantin the third prince of Scotland, took poſſeſſion in both Cumberland and Weſtmurland: The King died the ninth year of his reign. Indolphus, Conſtantin the third's ſon, ſucceeded King Malcolm the firſt, a noble, valiant prince; he vanquiſhed Athagen prince of Norway, and Theodorick prince of Denmark; he died in the ninth year of his reign: Duffus, Malcolm the firſt's ſon, ſucceeded King Indolphus, a good prince, and a ſevere juſtitiar; he died in the fifth year of his reign; Colonus, Indolphus ſon, ſucceeded King Duffus; he died in the fourth year of his reign. Kenneth the third, ſon to Malcolm the firſt, a brave King, and a good juſtitiar; from the death of Kenneth the ſecond, which conquered the Picts, to the reign of Kenneth the third, we had nine Kings in Scotland: I have ſet down particularly how long every King's reign was, *in cumulo* they reigned a hundred and nine years, moſt of them, although I have not expreſſed, they were moſt of them killed in the field, being ſo poſſeſt with war on every ſide, what by Denmark and Norway on the one ſide, the Brittans and Saxons on the other ſide, poor little Scotland had much to do to get her feet holden among them: For in all that time of an hundred and nine years, there was but one victorious conquering prince, which was King Gregory: So that the borders in theſe lands in England aforeſaid, being ſometimes under the command of the Scots, and ſometimes of the Engliſh, they became ſo rude and inſolent, that they would never be governed before Kenneth the third brought them under obedience to the crown of Scotland; yet they were never under ſole obedience till the reign of Malcolm the third, ſurnamed Canmor; he diſpatch'd them all, and gave their lands and inheritance to others, which were loyal ſubjects.

AND now with ſleep my muſe hath eas'd her brain,
I'le turn my ſtile to rhyming verſe again;
King Kenneth the ſecond, that prince of high renown,
He vanquiſh'd the Picts, and conquer'd their crown,
In revenge of his father's death, which baſely they murther'd.

For

For which victorious Kenneth mow'd them down,
And annexed their realm under Scotland's crown;
The year of grace he did their crown annex,
Was in the eight hundred and thirty ſix,
Or in the fourty ſix, I know not whether,
The Kingdoms they were joyn'd together,
Being the fourth or fourteenth year of his reign;
And ere the twentieth he did return,
To his mother earth, from whence he came;
His ſoul and hope doth reach the ſky,
His fame to Titans riſe did fly.
Donald the fifth ſucceeded his brother then,
And loſt as much as King Kenneth won,
A vitious, odious King, he play'd at ſwig,
Whilſt he loſt Scotland all to Striviling-bridge,
Yet at's beginning he did come ſpeed,
And vanquiſh'd his enemies on the South-ſide Tweed;
The Picts that fled among the Engliſh-men,
Requeſted Oſbridge and Ella, two great princes of England,
To move war againſt their enemies in Scotland,
Both Engliſh, Brittans, Picts, theſe princes brought,
Which Donald vanquiſh'd at Jedburgh,
He was ſo inſolent after his victory,
To the river of Tweed he came with his army,
And two ſhips he took with wine and victuals rare,
And order'd every ſouldier for to have their ſhare.
King Donald was given to variosity and greed,
With luſt of body, he could ne're be ſatisfied,
The whole camp they had their paramours,
And was full of taverns, of bordels, and whoors;
They followed carding, dycing, and contentious trouble,
That each of them, they did kill one another.
King Oſbridge having advertiſement anone,
Rais'd a new army, and to the Scots he came;

And kill'd twenty thouſand men compleat,
Without armour, and all faſt aſleep.
That vile King was tane, as has been ſaid,
And in deriſion through the countrey led;
At which time King Oſbridge conquer'd much land,
And that the ſouth parts of Scotland fand,
Aſſiſted by the Brittans, ſo that he,
Caus'd Stirling-bridge the marches for to be;
For Saxons, Brittans and Engliſh-men,
In three Kings reigns they kept that garriſon,
In Stirling caſtle Oſbridge did money coyn;
From which the Sterling money had it's firſt name;
The Scots valu'd not the land did belong to the Pict,
But the lands of Albion Oſbridge did afflict;
Cher's Galloway, and the iſle of Man,
Was lands of Scotland ſince the firſt King Fergus came.
So was Kyle and Carrick, all in haill,
Arron through Lennox, with the Nether-ward of Clidſdail;
The Mers and Tiviot-dail was Picts lands,
And ſo was all the three Louthians,
So was Peebles, Selkirk, and Over-ward of Clidsdail;
Nithſdail, and Annandail; with the five kirks of Eſkdail,
Drunken Donald all theſe lands did tyne,
But Gregorius Magnus recover'd them again,
From Gregorie's death, to Kenneth the third's reign,
The borders obey'd neither God, nor King;
Kenneth the third lov'd deer, both red and fallow,
Above all princes ſince King Dornadilla:
Hunting was the ſport he liked beſt,
For all our ſouth-parts was wood and forreſt,
Except here and there a ſummering plain,
Unto which his keepers did remain.

MY muſe has been aſtray a certain time,
But now in caſe for to return again;
With the name of Scot ſhe's minded to contain,
Becauſe they are her worthy noble friends,
The year of grace ſixteen hundred and twenty nine,
Carlaverock was a garriſon in that time,
Collonel Monro a German ſouldier he,
Blockt up the caſtle both by land and ſea,
Into that leigure I did remain,
In Cockburn's company, I was a ſouldier then;
And my chance was with my command to paſs,
To the Engliſh ſide call'd Burgh under Bowneſs.
By fortune I fell in a gentleman's companie,
Call'd Lancelot Scot, who was moſt kind to me;
He ſhew'd me his anceſtors hail,
Did live into that ſpot;
Since Carliſle walls were re-built,
By David King of Scots;
A book he gave to me, call'd Mr Michael's creed,
'But never a word at that time I could read,
What he read to me, I have it not forgot:
It was th' original of our ſouth countrey-Scots.
He ſaid, that book which he gave me,
Was of Mr Michael Scot's hiſtorie,
Which hiſtory was never yet read through,
'Nor never will, for no man dare it do;
Young ſcholars have pickt out ſome thing,
From the contents, that dare not read within.
He carried me along into the caſtle then,
And ſhew his written book hanging on an iron pin;
His writing pen did ſeem to me to be
Of harden'd mettal, like ſteil, or accumie;
The volume of it did ſeem ſo large to me,

As the book of martyrs and Turks hiſtorie;
Then in the church he let me ſee,
A ſtone where Mr Michael Scot did lie.
I aſk'd at him how that could appear,
Mr Michael had been dead above five hundred year;
He ſhew'd me none durſt bury under that ſtone,
More than he had been dead few years agone,
For Mr Michael's name does terrifie each one,
That vulgar people dare ſcarce look on the ſtone,
And more it us'd to pay the Saxons a fee,
For ſtrangers are deſirous that ſtone to ſee;
That Lancelot Scot he wearied not,
To ſhew me every thing,
And then incontinent to the ale-houſe did return,
Where we had the other cup and the other can,
There was no cauſe of feed,
Lancelot he ſaid, I was not a gentleman,
That was not bred to read;
But to proceed, he wearied not,
To ſhew the original of the border Scot.
He ſaid, that book did let him underſtand,
How the Scots of Buckcleugh gain'd both name and land;
He ſaid, gentlemen in Galloway by fate,
Had fallen at odds, and a riot did commit;
For in theſe days, as he did ſay,
It was call'd Brigants that's now call'd Galloway.
Two valiant lads of theſe Brigants
Were cenſured to be gone,
Then to the ſouth they took their way,
And arrived at Rankelburn,
At Rankelburn where they did come,
The keeper was call'd Brydine,
They humbly then did him intreat,
For meat, drink, and lodging;

The

The keeper ſtood and then did look,
And ſaw them pretty men,
Immediatly grants their requeſt,
And to his houſe they came;
To wind a horn they did not ſcorn,
In the loftieſt degree,
Which made the Forreſter conceive,
They were better keepers then he;
In Ettrick-forreſt, Megget's-head,
Meucra and Rankelburn-grain,
There was no keepers in the ſouth,
That could compare with them;
Theſe Gentlemen were brethren born,
If hiſtories be not amiſs;
The one of them called John Scot,
And the other of them called Wat Engliſh.

KING KENNETH then a hunting came,
To the Cacra-croſs did reſort,
And all the nobles of his court,
They hither came to ſee the ſport;
Of Ettrick's-hew he took a view,
Then to the left hand did turn,
Where he did ſee that forreſt hie,
Which then was called Rankelburn;
The keepers and the ſtrouſe-men came,
With ſhouts from hill to hill,
With hound and horn they rais'd the deer,
But little blood did ſpill;
A buck did come that was ſo run,
Hard by the Cacra-croſs,
He mean'd to be at Rankelburn,
Finding himſelf at loſs:

The hill was ſteep, the bogs were deep,
With woods and heather ſtrong,
By a mile of ground there none came near it,
But footmen that did run;
Then one of theſe two gentlemen
Which from Galloway did come,
Both hounds and deer he keeped near
To the water in Rankelburn:
And then the buck being ſpent and gone,
He on the hounds did turn,
That gentleman came firſt along,
And catch'd him by the horn,
Alive he caſt him on his back,
Or any man came there,
And to the Cacra-croſs did trot,
Againſt the hill a mile and mair;
The King ſaw him a pretty man,
And aſk'd his name, from whence he came,
He ſaid from Galloway he came,
If't pleaſe your Grace my name is John;
The deer being curied in that place
At his Majeſty's demand,
Then John of Galloway ran apace
And fetch'd water to his hands;
The King did waſh into a diſh,
And Galloway John he wot,
He ſaid thy name now after this,
Shall e're be call'd John Scot;
The forreſt and the deer therein,
We commit to thy hand,
For thou ſhalt ſure the ranger be,
If thou obey command;
And for the buck thou ſtoutly brought,
To us up that ſteep heugh,
Thy deſignation ever ſhall
Be John Scot in Buckscleugh.

By ſtrength of limb and youthfull ſpring,
Fortune may favour ſtill,
And if thou prove obedient,
We'll mend thee when we will;
John humbly then thanked the King,
And promis'd to be loyal,
And earneſtly beg'd his Majeſty,
That he would make a tryal;
My name is John, and I'm alone,
Into this ſtrange country,
Except one brother with me came,
To bear me company;
What is his name then ſaid the King?
He anſwer'd, his name is Wat;
Ye are very well met, then ſaid the King,
He ſhall be Engliſh, and ye are Scot;
At Bellanden let him remain
Faſt by the forreſt ſide,
Where he may do us ſervice too,
And aſſiſt you with his aid.
I do believe, as my author did declare,
How the original of Buckcleugh was a valiant forreſter,
It's moſt like to be true which I have plainly ſhown,
The old families of Buckcleugh did carry a hunting-horn;
Buckcleugh, if that my author doth ſpeak truth,
It's long ſince he began,
In the third King Kenneth's reign,
He to the forreſt came.
The firſt of their genealogy,
Though chronicles be rent and torn,
And made their ends upon the ſea;
Of late into the Uſurper's time,
Our regiſters away were tane,
Many of them periſh'd in the main,
And never came aſhore again.

n Queen Mary's reign they had bad handling,
ometimes fortune favour'd, and ſometimes frown'd,
Twixt ſtools, if men do miſs their mark,
Then their bottom ſure goes to the ground.
n Edward Longſhank's time, King of England,
Our monuments were loſt and gone,
Our chronicles and regiſters to London went,
Yet not returned again.
In the reign of the third Conſtantine,
All ſubſtance from this land was tane,
By that Saxon King Edward ſirnamed Cinar,
And Edleſton his baſtard ſon;
Since theſe hurli-burlies tops-a-turvies,
So oft this land they have undone,
That a native durſt not ſhow himſelf,
Except on the tops of the mountains;
When our records were ſent away,
The vulgar ſort they were not free,
Therefore there was particular acts,
For to be cloaks to their knavery;
The chronicle may err, ſome men may be preferr'd,
n every ſcience there is ſome cheatry;
For if an inferior man to a clerk ſhall come,
And poſſeſs him of ſuch gallantry,
Then he'll take a word alone,
nd ſo reward him with his coin,
Which will cauſe the clerk blaze him to the ſky,
Within two hundred year may be it do appear,
the world ſhall ſtand ſo long,
hat the late made Purves act,
Which he obtained to cover his fact,
ill raiſe his needy friends to be gentlemen;
at bold Buckcleugh was none of them,

That

That ever bought his honour with coin;
His valour did it gain, in Holland and in Swain,
And againſt the Saxon's ſeed they oft did honour gain.
From the family of Buckcleugh,
There has ſprung many a man,
Four hundred years ago;
Haſſinden he was one,
Deſcended of that line, and ſtill he doth remain,
And evident's ſpeaks truth, the ſame the truth proclaims.
Though chronicles be loſt from many a family,
Theſe characters that remains, the truth they let us ſee,
Sir Alexander Scot of Haſſinden was knight,
With good King James the Fourth, he was killed at Flowdon fight.
From Haſſinden did ſpring before that time
The families of Wall, Delorian, and Haining,
The ſouth-country gentry is known for truth,
Was exerciſed in arms into their youth,
None other education they did apply,
But Jack and ſpear againſt their enemy;
And becauſe it was their daily exerciſe,
'They never ſought to be chronicliz'd:
But when a courtier did any valiant fate,
He was cry'd up to th' ſtars, and made Lord of State.
But now advance my muſe, and declare the truth,
Of brave John Scot the original of Buckcleugh;
'And becauſe thou art weary, as I ſuppoſe,
'I'll refrain verſe, and turn myſelf to proſe;
Good Lancelot Scot, I think his book be true,
Old Rankelburn is deſign'd Buckcleugh now;
Yet in his book no Balls read he,
It was Buckscleugh he read to me;
He told me the name, the place, the coat,
Came all by the hunting of the buck:

and no Buckcleugh was then,
:he Buck in the Cleugh was ſlain;
·men at firſt they did appear,
moon and ſtars to their arms they bear,
reſt, ſupporters, and hunting-horn,
their beginning from hunting came;
ame and ſtile the book did ſay,
ıin'd them both into one day:
·y place where that the buck was ſlain,
t a ſtone houſe, and there he did remain;
t a church into that forreſt hie,
ras no man to come to it, but his own family;
ıſe's ground-work yet is to be ſeen;
:hat church, I many times have been,
place it yet keeps out,
poor folk that lyes round about;
ıaroch church it's long ſix mile,
·e they bury yet to ſave travel;
l-ſir Satchels, I heard him declare,
as nine Lairds of Buckcleugh buried there;
with rubiſh and earth it's fill'd up ſo high,
man can the through-ſtones ſee,
tomb-ſtones he ſaw with both his eyne,
ew not who was buried under them;
r built a miln on that ſame burn,
dogs-bran, though there there grew no corn,
y own time corn little there hath been,
ıs neither rig nor fur for to be ſeen,
and mountains on every ſide,
gh below, ſcarce a hundred foot wide;
's a miln-ſteed in that brook,
:hurch-walls I have ſeen them all up,
·eaſonable myle
:he miln-ſteed and the kirk ſtyle;

My Guid-ſir told me there he had ſeen,
A holy croſs, and a font-ſtone;
The paroch being twenty mile about,
But hardly ſixteen folks remain in it.
All the corn I have ſeen there in a year,
Was ſcarce the ſowing of ſix firlots of bear;
And for neighbours to come with good will,
There was no corn to grind into that mill,
'If heather-tops had been meal of the beſt,
'Then Buckcleugh-mill had gotten a noble griſt,
Now wearied muſe to reſt thou may reſort,
'Whilſt I a little proſe report.

I Heard my Guid-ſir tell, that he had heard all men ſay, the reaſo why the lairds of Buckcleugh did build that miln, was, for th uſe of their houſes, for grinding of flour, meal, and malt, but eſpeci ally bran for his dogs, and the corn came out of other barronies, whic was then in his poſſeſſion, as the Ewards in Tweddale, the barrony o Eckfoord, Grimſlies in eaſt-Tiviotdail, and other barronies, and land under his command; this is ſpoken by tradition to this time. But ſur if ſuch things were, as it hath been by all appearance, it muſt be lon after the beginning of the honourable family of Buckcleugh; for a that time, Buckcleugh muſt needs be a perſon of much honour and re nown, and of a very competent eſtate, when he built a church and miln in ſuch a wild forreſt as Rankelburn, now called Buckcleugh where there was no people to come to the church, except his own fa mily, nor girſt to his miln, except what he cauſed to come for his own uſe, near twenty myle in each ſide of his own reſidence. My Guid-ſir Sat chells told me, that he was with Walter called the good Lord of Buck cleugh, after he came from the ſchools, and Robert of Thirlſton, after Sir Robert, they being come from the colledge of St Andrew's, where they had been at learning, by reaſon King James the Sixth was of that univerſity, my Lord and Sir Robert being of the King's age, in the year one thouſand five hundred and ſixty ſix, was deſirous to paſs their time there;

there; and, at their return, the Lord Buckcleugh being ready to go to his travels, was curious to ſee theſe tomb-ſtones of his anceſtors, which was in that kirk, in the forreſt of Rankelburn; the moſt part of the wall was ſtanding then, and the font-ſtone within the kirk, and a croſs before the kirk-door; the rubbiſh and earth being caſten out, and the ſtones clean ſwept, the Lord, and many of his friends came to ſee them, where they did diſcern one ſtone, which had the antient coat of arms on it; that is to ſay, two creſts, and a mulet born on a counter-ſcarf, with a hunting-horn in the field, ſupported with a hart of grace and a hart of leice, alias a hound, and a buck, and a buck's head torn from the creſt, which only ſeem to be from hunters and forreſters. The other ſtones had drawn upon them like unto a hand and ſword, and others of them had a ſword and a lance all along the ſtone; Robert Scot ſaid, that he believed, that it was four hundred years ſince the laſt of theſe ſtones had been laid, and it was near an hundred year ſince that time; I judge the Lord Buckcleugh was about twenty one, or twenty two years at that time, ſo it muſt needs be near to an hundred years ſince.

The lands of Buckcleugh they did poſſeſs,
Three hundred years ere they had writ or wax;
And ſince that time that they a right did rear,
'It's ſaid to be from King Robert the Third, call'd John Fern-year.

*Now follows the ſeveral places of reſidence of the family of* Buckcleugh.

NOW my jocking muſe aſſiſt my rhyme compleat,
I'm drown'd in proſe ſince thou lay down to ſleep;
Thy journey's long, and ſo thou muſt not ſtay,
'We'l take ſome part of Tweddale in our way;
The barrony of Eward was Buckcleugh's ſhare,
And yet they are ſupperior
Over Eward and Neither Eward was in the barrony,
With Kirk-Eward, Lady Eward, and Lock Eward, all three;

Theſe

Theſe towns moſt ſweet ſurround a pleaſant hill,
And Scotſtoun-hall doth join unto them ſtill.
It was call'd Scotſtoun-hall when Buckcleugh in it did dwell,
Unto this time it is call'd Scotſtoun ſtill:
It was in Kirk-Eward paroch then,
But now it's in the paroch of Lintoun;
There is three towers in it was mounted high,
And each of them had their own entry,
A ſally-door did enter on,
Which ſerv'd all three, and no man kend,
When Buckcleugh at Scots-hall kept his houſe,
Then Peebles-church was his burial-place,
In the croſs-kirk there has buried been
Of the Lairds of Buckcleugh, either ſix or ſeven;
There can none ſay but it's two hundred year
Since any of them was buried there;
The Earls of Hamiltoun and Douglas,
To brave Buckcleugh ſhewed great kindneſs,
Their kindneſs with him did prevail,
That he muſt live near them in Clidſdail;
Scots-hall he left ſtanding alone,
And went to live at Mordiſtoun;
And there a brave houſe he did rear,
Which to this time it doth appear;
Several ages after, he did theſe lands excamb,
With Inglis that was the Laird of Brankſom;
And ſince that time I can mak't appear,
It's near two hundred and fifty year,
That familie they ſtill were valiant men,
No Baron was better ſerved into Britain,
The Barons of Buckcleugh they kept at their call,
Four and twenty gentlemen in their hall,
All being of his name and kin,
Each two had a ſervant to wait on them;

Before ſupper and dinner moſt renown'd,
The bells rung and the trumpets ſounded,
And more than that I do confeſs,
They kept four and twenty penſioners;
Think not I lie, or do me blame,
For the penſioners I can all name;
There's men alive elder than I,
They know if I ſpeak truth or lie;
Ev'ry penſioner a room did gain,
For ſervice done and to be done,
This I'le let the reader underſtand,
The name of both the men and land,
Which they poſſes'd it is of truth,
Both from the Lairds and Lords of Buckleugh.
But now, my muſe, I'le give it in thy choſe,
'Stay or go ſleep, for I muſt write in proſe.

*Now follows the gentlemens names that were penſioners to the houſe of* Buckcleugh, *with the lands they poſſeſs'd for their ſervice.*

WALTER SCOT of North-houſe, the firſt gentleman deſcended from the family, in a former age Robert Scot of Allanmouth; David Scot of Stobiſcot, brother to Sir Walter Scot of Gaudilands; David Scot of Raes-know, one of the houſe of Allan-haugh; Robert Scot of Clack, the land of Fennick for his ſervice; William Scot in Hawick, call'd William in the Mott, brother to Walter Scot of Hardin, poſſeſt theſe lands without the Weſt-port for his ſervice; John Scot of Monks-tower, brother to old William Scot of Altoun; Robert Scot of Eaſter-Groundiſton, brother ſon to Robert Scot of Headſhaw; James Scot of Altoun Crofts, Raes-know, and Allanmouth, were all of the family of Allanhaugh; Thomas Scot in Weſter-Groundiſton brother to William Scot of Whitehaugh, deſcended of the antient family of Buckcleugh; John Scot in Drinkſton, deſcended of the antient family of Robert-toun; William Scot in Lies, alias Millma, called William Scot of Catſlac-know, deſcended from the antient family of Dryhop; Robert

Scot in Clarilaw deſcended from the antient houſe of Haſſanden; W
am Scot of Totchahaugh, from the foreſaid family of Bortoheugh;
drew Scot of Totchahill from the family of Robertoun; John Sc
Stowſlie; Scot of Whames, deſcended from the North-houſe;
Scot of Caſtlehill, was of that kind; Walter Scot of Chappel-hill
was half-brother to the Laird of Chiſholm; Robert Scot of How
had the lands of Cowd-houſe for his ſervice; Robert Scot of Satc
had Southinrig for his ſervice; Robert Scot of Langup had the lan
Outter-huntly for his ſervice, for ſeveral ages; there was one Wil
Scot, commonly called Cut at the Black, he had the lands of Net
Delorian for his ſervice; Walter Gladſtanes had Whitlaw. Theſe tw
four were all of the name of Scot except Walter Gladſtanes of Whitlaw,
was nearly related to my Lord; this William Scot of Delorian, comm
call'd Cut at the Black, he was a brother of the antient houſe of H
ing, which houſe of Haining is deſcended from the antient houſ
Haſſanden; and from the foreſaid William Scot of Delorian, ſprung
family of Scotſtarbet and Elie, now called Ardroſs, their original b
from Sir Alexander Scot of Haſſanden; that valiant knight was k
with his prince King James the Fourth at Flowden field. Now I c
to Sir Walter Scot of Buckcleugh, who was grand-father to Walter
good Lord of Buckcleugh. Theſe twenty three penſioners, all of
own name of Scot, and Walter Gledſtanes of Whitlaw, a near co
of my Lord's, as aforeaid; they were ready on all occaſions, when
Honour pleaſed cauſe to advertiſe them. It was known to many in
country better than it is to me, that the rents of theſe lands, which
Lairds and Lords of Buckcleugh did freely beſtow upon their frie
will amount above twelve or fourteen thouſand merks a year: Th
have thought good to let the reader ſee the benefit which the your
brethren of the name had by their chief, when he was but a Baron
Knight, they were eſteemed with more reſpect than they have b
ſince; Sir William Scot of Brankſom, who never ſurvived to be L
or Lord of Buckcleugh, gave his Lady Dame Margaret Douglas, s
him Counteſs of Bothwell, above two and twenty thouſand m
a year of jointure: This, with the penſioner's revenues off the eſ
was near thirty ſix thouſand merks a year, which his ſon Lord Wa
and his ſon Earl Walter did truely pay all their times the conjunct j

*I*

*Now, leſt you ſhould think that I flatter, or am a liar; I will nominate the lands, and where they lie, for the juſtification of my ſelf.*

Awake, awake, my muſe, and me aver,
' To give a juſt account of that jointure,
To the Piel and Hathern I will repair,
To Analſhope and Glengeber,
To Whitup and to Black-grain,
To Commonſide, and Milſanton-hill,
And Eilridge is left all alone,
Except ſome town-lands in Lanton.
' Now, my muſe, to the eaſt country go we,
And talk of Eckfoord's barony,
Which barony ſhe none did miſs,
But all into her jointure was,
In cumulo I do declare,
It's above twenty thouſand merks a year;
It was a worthy conjunct fee,
For a Knight to give to his Lady;
That worthy houſe when they were but gentry,
Exceeded far ſome of nobility;
O curſed Helena that the Trojans did confound,
And laid Troy's pleaſant walls flat on the ground,
Her daughter had not match'd with Priamus' race,
But her mother's perſuaſion made her him embrace;
Thirty Lairds and Lords it's ſaid hath been,
All of Buckcleugh, yet it is uncertain;
Yet I believe it may be true,
I've ſeen four my ſelf, and that I'le avow;
The nine laſt generations I declare,
Both whom they married, and who they were.
At Sir Arthur Scot we begin,
In's time he was the King's warden,

A valiant ſp'rit for chivalry,
Married Lord Sommervel's daughter of Cowdalie;
Sir Walter his ſon did him ſucceed,
Whom the borders both did fear and dread,
He was ſtill fourty men whenever he rade,
He married with Douglaſs of Drumlanrig;
Their procreation remains unto this time,
The laſt honourable ſecond brother, that of that familie came,
From that marriage Robert of Allan-haugh ſprung,
It's near two hundred years agone,
And ſince that time it's known to be of truth,
There was ne're a lawful brother married from Buckcleugh;
The more we may repent, and ſigh and groan,
That they'r ſo Phaenix like ſtill but one.
Sir William Scot was Sir Walter's eldeſt ſon,
And in his heritage he did ſucceed to him,
A valiant knight, and of much renown,
He married with the honourable houſe of Hume;
His Son Sir Walter, that durſt have ſhown his face,
To him that was as ſtout as Hercules,
He was inclin'd to blood, as was rehearſt,
He was married to Ker of Ferni-harſt,
'To Venus her ſiſter, he married again,
'A beautiful creature Dame Janet Beaton;
Sir William Scot of Brankſom call'd White-cloak,
He was ſon to Buckcleugh, call'd Wicked Wat,
As fortune ſmil'd or frown'd,
Content that Worthy was,
'He married a ſiſter of the houſe of Angus,
The good Lord Walter was Sir William's ſon,
The better in Tivot-dale ſhall never come,
For valour, wiſdom, friendſhip, love, and truth,
'He married Ker a ſiſter of Roxburgh;

Earl Walter was Lord Walter's ſon,
A Mars for valour, wiſdom and renown,
His courage durſt a Lyon fear,
His frowns would terrifi'd a Boar,
He married a ſiſter of Errol;
Earl Francis his father, Earl Walter did ſucceed,
Into his Earldom, but not to his head;
Yet he wanted neither hand, head, nor heart,
But could not act like to his father's part;
His father's acts were all military,
And he was much inclin'd to ſtudy;
His father ſcorn'd to ſuffer a ſtain,
Neither of himſelf, nor of his name;
With the houſe of Rothes married he,
An equal match by antiquitie;
The was but the relict of ſuch a one,
The ſon of a ſtart-up ſoldier new come home.
I have been through Scotland, Holland, and Sweden,
Yet ne're heard of a gentleman in all his kin,
Except one Switzer, which did verifie,
He was Bacchus nevoy, the uncle of brandy;
That worthy Earl was ſoon by death aſſail'd,
Gainſt whom no mortal ever yet prevail'd.
He had no heirs-male, but daughters left behind,
Yet to enjoy his great Earldom and land;
Theſe infants ſweet left to their guardians to keep,
Their tutors oft ſuffered controul,
Their mother was ſo impudent,
That ſhe muſt always have her intent;
The eldeſt Lady, I confeſs, ſhe was not able for a man,
With Earl Tarras ſhe did wed, it was by perſuaſion of her dame;
Alas, ſhe liv'd not very long;
There was no procreation them between;
I wiſh to God there had been a ſon,
It had been better for all poor friends;

The Countes' ſiſter did her ſucceed,
Then her mother to London by coach did hie,
And ſearch't her a huſband beyond the ſea.
A pretty youth, and of high-birth,
By the name of Graves that boy did paſs ;
One Mr Roſs his pedagogue was,
In France, in Holland, and in Flanders,
When the truth was known, and the lad fetcht home,
King Charles the Second's baſtard he prov'd to be,
And I believe his maiden-head, he begat him young on Mrs Barl
A pretty Lady, I have her ſeen,
And very gallant in her time;
Sir Thomas Barly was her ſire,
A Knight that dwelt in Devonſhire,
And after the reſtauration,
When Charles the Second came to his home,
The Weyms Counteſs, and her daughter young,
At London ſtay'd, and the youth fetch'd home,
James Scot he was call'd all along,
Which did continue certain moneths,
And then to Windſor did return,
Where he was made Duke of Monmouth ;
King Edward's badge he got, the order of the garter,
Perform'd with great ſolemnity, and then to London did repair,
His nuptial day did then draw near.
To Charing croſs he did reſort,
The King and Duke royal did come there ;
And moſt nobles of the court;
A moſt proper man he in time became,
As in any prince's court was ſeen,
Ten thouſand hearts they may lament,
That ever he ſhould a rebel been ;
A rebel he was in his time,
And did the nation much perplex ;

At his invaſion he was tane,
And his head cut off with an ax:
In England now the Dutches dwells,
Which to her friends is a curſed fate,
For if they famiſh, ſtarve, or die,
They cannot have a groat from that eſtate.
The times of old are quite forgot,
How inferior friends had ſtill relief,
And how the worthieſt of the name
Engaged themſelves to hold up their chief,
And in requital of their love,
His honour took of them ſuch pain,
They never went unto the law
'Gainſt one another at any time;
In whoſe caſe or cauſe ſoever it was,
Debts, riots, or poſſeſſions,
Their chief he was immediat judge,
The lawyers got nought of them.
Times have been very troubleſome,
Since theſe rebellions firſt began,
Which was then but fourty eight years agone,
And then our chief he was but young,
In the five and twenty year of's age,
In the year of grace fifty and two,
He rendered up his Steward-ſhip,
And had no iſſue but females two;
And as Dalila with Sampſon dealt,
When ſhe cry'd, the Philiſtines are thee upon,
Such cruel deſpight, ſtrife, and debat,
Remain into ſome bad women;
She's like a Gardo countenanc'd like Bendo,
Cunning as Nilo peeping through a window,
Which put the wandring Jew in ſuch amazement,
Seeing ſuch a face look through the caſement;

When

When Lora a Bull long nouriſhed in Cocitus,
With ſulphur horns ſent by the Emperor Titus,
Aſked a ſtegmatick peribeſtan queſtion,
If Alexander ever lived phyſician;
When Helen was for Priamus' ſon a mate,
From Greece by Paru and his band,
Which caus'd the Greeks the Trojan minds abate:
Some curſt the boyes, and other ſome them ban'd:
The ſtrumpet Queen, which brought the burning brand,
That Helen fir'd, and wrak'd old Priamus race;
And on their names long living ſhame did brand
For head-ſtrong luſts runs an unbounded race;
This beauteous piece whoſe feature radiant blaze
Made Mænelaus horn mad war to wadge,
And ſet all Troy in a combuſtious bleeze,
Whoſe ten years triumphs ſcarce was worth their wage,
For all their conqueſts, and their battering rams,
'Their leaders moſt return'd with heads like rams;
Lo thus the burden of adulterous guilt,
A ſhoring vengeance Troy, and Trojans ſaw,
No age, nor ſect, no beauty, gold nor guilt,
Withſtood foretold Caſſandria's ſecret fall;
She often ſaid, falſe Helen's beauteous blaſt
Should be the cauſe, this mighty Grecian's power,
Their names and fames with infamy ſhould blaſt,
And how the gods on them would vengeance pour;
But poor Caſſandra propheſied in vain,
The clamorous crys were to the ſenſleſs rocks,
The youths of Troy in mirry ſcornful vein,
Securely ſleeps, while luſt the cradle rocks,
Till bloody burning indignation come,
And all their mirth with mourning overcome;
Yet great's the glory in the noble mind,
Where life and death are equal in reſpect,
If fates be good or bad, unkind or kind,
Not proud in freedom, nor in thral deject,

With courage ſcorning fortune's worſt effect,
In ſpitting in foul Envy's cankered face,
True honour thus doth baſer thoughts ſubject,
Eſteeming life a ſlave, that ſerves diſgrace;
Foul abject thoughts become the mind that's baſe,
That deems there is no better life than this,
Or after death doth fear a worſer place,
Where guilt is payed the guardian of a miſs;
But let ſwoln Envy ſwell untill ſhe burſt,
The noble mind defys her, do her worſt;
The vulgar ſort with open port
Said, the Scot had much renown,
That their heretrix was intermixt,
With a baſtard of the crown.
King James the Fifth his baſtard ſon
Was of as much regard,
He married Buckcleugh's relict,
He being but a Laird.
The baſtard got into Scotland,
Was never of ſuch renown,
To proſper as the Engliſh do,
They oft uſurp their crown;
King Arthur of the round table,
Begotten was in adultery;
And ſo was both King Edelſtoun,
And William of Normandie.
But Scotland's loyal nobility
Is of a more rare degree,
Nor ſuffer any baſtard ſeed
To claim ſoveraignity.
Since the firſt Fergus began,
To King James the Seventh,
We have had none but twain,
Of baſtards that uſurp'd the crown,
And ſhort while they did reign:

Gillis the Tyrant he was one,
King Evenus the firſt baſtard ſon,
Codallus of Galloway cut him off
In the ſecond year of's reign;
Duncan the ſecond uſurp'd the crown,
Malcolm the third his baſtard ſon,
But from an Uſurper he did it gain,
Which was from wicked Donald the Seventh.
Mackpender, then of Merns the Thane,
An Earl of high renown,
He brought King Duncan to his end,
Nine months after he was crown'd.
The baſtard Kings of Scotland then
Had but ſmall proſperity,
And for the future I hope none,
In Scotland ſhall ever be;
Then Edgar the juſt and lawful king,
Upon his throne was ſet,
And anointed of Dunkel's Biſhop,
Whoſe name was Mr John Scot.
Of baſtards I will ſpeak no more,
Since I declar'd the truth;
My purpoſe now is to return,
And ſpeak of bold Buckcleugh.
That worthy valiant ſon of Mars,
That moſt illuſtrious one,
The United Provinces him ſhould blaze,
To ages that's to come:
The year and time I muſt exprime,
That from Holland came he,
The ſixteen hundred and thirty three,
At London he did die;
In November month to ſpeak the truth,
It was our woeful fate,

To the Bier many friends came,
To ſee him ly in ſtate;
The nobles of the court repair'd,
Clad in their ſable weed,
And countrymen in flocks came in,
To ſee's herſe when he was dead;
Patrick Scot then of Thirlſtone,
A worthy gentleman,
He took the care of all affairs,
Caus'd his corps to be embalm'd,
All being done, that wit of man
Could do or underſtand;
Then a ſhip he fraughted on the Thames,
To bring him to Scotland.
The Ship did fall the river down,
And Greenwich did obey;
Then to Graveſend they did come,
And two days there did ſtay;
When wind and tide they both apply'd,
And hois'd their ſails on hie,
Thirlſton came abroad himſelf,
Ere they reach'd Tilburie;
From once they paſt by the Lands-end,
The ſtorm did riſe ſo high,
For three months time they liv'd in pain,
Sore toil'd upon the ſea;
They were almoſt ſunk, yet ſav'd the ſhip at laſt,
Their ſails into the ſhallow ſeas were caſt,
Yet anchor'd ſafely and did remain,
Whilſt they did put to ſea again:
Then 'mongſt their old acquaintance ſtorm and flaws,
Each moment near to Death's devouring jaws,
The weary day they paſt through many fears,
Landed at laſt quite ſunk o're head and ears,

All

All famiſh'd, ſtarv'd, like ſilly rats all drown'd;
From ſuccour far they left their ſhip on ground,
Caſt out their water, whilſt they poorly drapt,
'And up and down to dry themſelves they hapt.
Thus they their weary pilgrimage did wear,
Expecting for the weather calm and clear:
Then madly, yet ſtudy out to the ſea they thruſt,
'Gainſt winds and ſtorms ſo hie,
By Prignal hidden rocks which hidden ly,
Ten mile within the ſea, ſome wet, ſome dry,
There they ſuppoſed their danger moſt of all,
If they upon theſe ragged rocks ſhould fall:
But Sol, that old continual traveller,
From Titan can amount his flaming car,
The weather kept his courſe with fire, hail, and rage,
Without appearance that it would e're aſwage;
Whilſt they did paſs theſe hills, dails, and downs,
Every moment they looked to be drown'd,
The wind ſtill blowing and the ſea ſo hie,
As if the lofty waves would kiſs the ſkie,
That many times they wiſh'd with all their hearts,
Their ſhip were ſunk, and they in landwart carts,
Or any part to kep them ſafe and dry,
The water raged ſo outragiouſly;
For it is ſaid ſince memory of man,
Or ſince winds and ſeas to ebb and flow began,
No man can mind of ſuch ſtormy weather,
And continual rage ſo long together;
Thirteen long weeks that many thought,
The wind blew ſouth and ſouth-weſt,
And rais'd the ſea each wave above another,
Of fair and calm weather not an hour together,
And whither they did go by Sun or Moon,
Either by midnight or by noon;

n did riſe with moſt ſuſpicious face,
l forbidding weather purple red,
liant tincture eaſt-north-eaſt were ſpread;
way by Slewgates antient caſtle,
t rugged rocks and waves they tug'd,
ɔon and ſtars were covered under cloud;
ɔnie and by Rubnie-marſh,
le againſt them, and the wind was harſh;
Eolus and Neptune there was ſuch ſtrife,
ıen never ſaw ſuch weather in their life,
and retoſt, retoſt and toſt again,
ımbling and tumbling on the rowling main;
iſterous breaking billows of the curl'd locks,
petuouſly beat againſt the rocks;
nd, which like a horſe, whoſe wind is broke,
ick and ſhort, that they were almoſt choack'd,
ıtragiouſly the billows waves,
ſt like duſt blown in the brimiſh waves;
ıs the wind and ſeas theſe boyſterous gods,
the ears ſtark mad at furious odds;
talward ſhips turmoild 'twixt ſhoars and ſeas,
r low, as ſtorms and floodsdid pleaſe;
nes upon a foaming mountain top,
hight did ſeem the heav'n to under-prop;
raight to ſuch prophanity they fell,
ıey div'd into the depths of hell;
uds like ryp apoſtoms burſt and ſhowr'd,
ıatt'ry, watry ſubſtance head-long pour'd:
ıgh all things were mutable and fickle,
ıll agreed to ſauce them in a pickle;
r freſh and ſalt from ſeas and ſkies,
with our ſweat joyned in triplicity,
'hoebus hid his golden head with fear,
ing to behold the dangers there;

Whilſt in that ſtrait and exigent they ſtand,
They ſee and wiſh to land, yet durſt not land,
Like rowling hills the billows beat and roar,
Againſt the melancholy benchy ſhoar;
That if they landed, neither ſtrength nor wit,
Could ſave their ſhip from being ſunk or ſplit;
To keep the ſea ſtraight puffing Æolus breath,
Did threaten ſtill to blow them unto death,
The waves amain oft boarded them,
Whilſt they almoſt ſix hours did there remain;
On every ſide with danger and diſtreſs,
Reſolv'd to run a ſhore a dungeonneſs;
There ſtood ſome thirteen cottages together,
To ſhelter poor fiſher-men from wind and weather;
And there ſome people were, as they ſuppoſed,
As though the doors and windows were all cloſed;
They near the land, into the ſea ſoon lap,
To ſee what people there theſe houſes kept;
They knockt and call'd at each from houſe to houſe,
But found no mankind-form, cat, rat, nor mouſe;
Theſe news all ſad, and comfortleſs and cold,
Amongſt the crew it preſently was told,
Aſſuring them, the beſt way they did think,
Was to leave the ſhip, whether ſhe ſplit or ſink:
Reſolved thus, they altogether pleaſe
To put her head to ſhore, and her ſtern to ſeas;
They leaping over-board amidſt the ſea,
Almoſt deſperate whether to live or dy;
Then from top to toe they ſtrend,
Pluckt off their ſhirts, and then them wring'd,
Till ſun and wind their want ſupply'd,
And made both outſide and inſide dry'd:
Two miles from thence, a ſilly town their ſtood,
To which they went to bring ſome food:

vn did ſhew their pity, but for what?
ıade them pay triple for what they got;
at they got Thirlſton ſtood not for to pay double;
ſe peaſants made him to pay twice triple,
theſe harbours where their ſhip rode ſtill,
d to men which in that town did dwell:
rlſton's requeſt they did ſend a man,
eſs the crew in that hoſpitable den,
brazen kettle, and a wooden diſh,
e their need, and dreſs their fleſh and fiſh:
om the fleſhers they brought lamb and ſheep,
n the Oſtler-houſe, and beſoms for to ſweep;
ottage for want of uſage was moiſty,
, ſluggiſh, and duſty;
twenty days they did roaſt, boil, and broil,
oil, and moyle, and keep a noble coyle:
y they keept open houſe alone,
that wanted beef, might eat a ſtone:
Grand-dame Earth with beds did all befriend them;
ıuntifully all their lengths did lend them;
ughing or elſe lying down did make,
ıack and ſides ſore, and ther ribs to ake.
me in the town Thirlſton did remain,
ging was little better than them.
urnday the winds did ſeem to ceaſe,
awling ſeas began to hold their peace:
hey like tenants beggarly and poor,
d to leave the key beneath the door:
ıt the landlord did that ſhift prevent,
ıme in pudding time and took his rent.
Thirlſton came before the ſun was peeping,
ınch'd to ſea, and left their houſe keeping,
preſently they ſaw the drifting ſkys,
ɔut and lowr and winds and ſeas 'gain riſe,



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Country-men wiſh Thirlſton go by land,
To a harbour that was near at hand;
The name of it was Freſenbered,
And there their ſhip might by report be reared:
But their council was not worth a plack,
He'd never leave the ſhip, to ride on horſe's back;
Yet fortune brought them to the harbour there,
Where that their ſhip they ſomewhat did repair,
And then to ſea, with mounted ſails on hie,
They bound for Scotland, and left Norway:
There was but ſmall amendment all that time,
The weather was much in one kind.
The wind and weather plaid on each ſo wild,
As if they meant not to be reconcil'd;
She, whilſt they leapt upon theſe liquid hills,
Where purpoiſes did ſhew their phins and gills:
Yet after that, both water, wind, and ſeas,
And a pleaſant gale blew from the north north-eaſt,
Æolus and Neptune privat, and no way brief;
'By providence they did arrive at Leith.
That troubleſome, toilſome journey, to be brief,
'Fifteen weeks was between London and Leith.
To all ages it ſhould ne're be forgot,
The pains that Patrick Scot of Thirlſton took.
Æneas on Anchiſes he took pains enough,
'But Patrick Scot he took more of the Earl of Buckcleugh;
All that men can do, when princes do command,
Their loyalty to ſhow, and venture life and land:
I have known many on Buckcleugh's means was bred,
Yet one night, from home, they never lay from bed.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART.

# SATCHELS'S POST'RAL,

HUMBLY PRESENTED

TO HIS

Noble and Worthy Friends of the names of SCOT and ELLIOT, and others.

PART SECOND.

EDINBURGH: Printed by the Heir of ANDREW ANDERSON, Printer to His Moſt Sacred Majeſty, City and Colledge, 1688; and reprinted by BALFOUR & SMELLIE, 1776.

To the truely Worthy, Honourable, and Right Worſhipful Sir Francis Scot of Thirlſton, Knight-Baronet, wiſhes Earth's honour and Heaven's happineſs.

*THIS book, good Sir, the iſſue of my brain,*
*Though far unworthy of your worthy view,*
*In hope ye gently it will intertain,*
*Yet I in duty offer it to you;*
*Although the method and the phraſe be plain,*
*Not art, like writ, as to the ſtile is due,*
*And truth I know your favour will obtain;*
*The many favours I have had from you,*
*Hath forc'd me thus to ſhow my thankful mind,*
*And of all faults I know no vice ſo bad,*
*And hateful as ungratefully inclin'd;*
*A thankful heart is all a poor man's wealth,*
*Which with this book I give your worthy ſelf:*
*I humbly crave your worthineſs excuſe,*
*This boldneſs of my poor unlearned muſe,*
*That hath preſum'd ſo high a pitch to fly,*
*In praiſe of virtue and gentility:*
*I know this taſk's moſt fit for learned men,*
*For Homer, Ovid, or for Virgil's pen;*
*Theſe lines I have preſum'd to dite,*
*It's known to your Honour I could never write.*

*Your Honour's moſt obedient ſervant,*

WALTER SCOT of Satchels.

# SATCHELS'S POST'RAL:

*nbly preſented to his Noble and Worthy Friends of the Names of* Scot *nd* Elliot.

WHEN reſtleſs Phœbus ſeem'd himſelf to reſt,
His flaming car deſcending to the weſt,
And high Spyro obſcured his twinckling light;
:n in a ſable mantle Madam Night,
)k of the world the ſole command and keep,
ırging the eyes of mortals faſt aſleep:
ſend dull Morphæus forth; and ſummons both,
: Ledean Potentates of ſleep and ſlouth,
o unto every one good reſt imparts,
e lovers guilty minds, and careful hearts;
: ſtealing hours crep't on with ſleeping pace,
en maſked Mid-night ſhewed her ebon'd face,
en hags and furies, witches, faries, elfs,
)ſts, ſp'rits and goblins do ſeparat themſelves;
en fond imaginary dreams do reign,
ormleſs forms, in mens moleſted brain;
un-accuſtomed dream came in my head,
)ught as it were near by a river ſide,
hin a pleaſant grove I did abide,
t all the feathered birds that ſweems and flees,
vixt the breeding earth and ſkyes,
at the leaſt of every ſeveral ſort,
for their recreation there reſort;

Then there was ſuch varieties of notes,
Such whirling and ſuch whiſtling from their throats,
The baeſs, the tenor, treble and the main,
All acting various actions in one ſtrain.
I thought twenty four ſhepherds did draw near,
To hear the muſick of that feath'red quire;
Theſe feather'd fidlers change their notes moſt ſweet,
And lull'd Apollo's daughters faſt aſleep;
Mean time the ſhepherds tript upon the mould,
Their flocks they did remain in Cupid's fold,
And the four and twenty did appear,
In three ſquadrons, like martial men of wear:
If that my memory fail me not,
They were friends and kindred of the name of Scot:
'It's my happy hap to be
'Of theſe Scots relations,
'Therefore I'le dyte their pedegree
'To the eight or ninth generations.

TO ſpeak the truth, no man ſhall me controul,
Of worthy Garrenberry, Rennal-burn and wall,
Todrick, and Gilmans-cleugh they were in my dream,
And good Graſs-yards, and Adam in Delorian,
William in Milſinſtoun, a gentleman of note,
And worthy Gaudy-lands, and Wauchops Walter Scot;
Sheills-wood and Langup alſo did appear,
And Henry Scot of Palace-hill he call'd up the rear;
Theſe appeared to be Scots, who in the firſt ſquad came;
'The ſecond ſquad was Elliots, I was not ſo well acquaint with them.
The ſecond ſquad that appeared all into my Dream,
Was the name of Elliot, and all fine Gentlemen;
I am not vers'd to know from whence they came,
But ſure at firſt they ſeem'd moſt from Las'diſtoun;
Except John Elliot, where I have had good cheer,

Tha

That dwells in Unthank, he's brother to Dunlibyre;
The reſt of their pedegree, I know them not,
Except Bewly and Muckldean that's related to Scot.
The third ſquad are men that's void of harms,
For they are ſhepherds ſwains trained up from bairns;
It is their daily exerciſe and gain,
To tend all ſort of ſheep, weather, ew, and ram;
That name of ſhepherd ſwain came firſt from Greece,
As plainly doth appear, by Jaſon's golden fleece;
Although it be not well, I cauſed inſert't with ſpeed,
The faillings of a fool, it is no cauſe of feed,
Sage wiſdom ſhould accept the will for the deed;
Had I Ovid's muſe, and Virgil's vein,
And wit to uſe Ulyſſes pen,
T'extoll theſe ſhepherds ſwains, I would incline,
From Titan's riſe, according to my dream.
To John Elliot in Unthank in a ſtorm, I came late,
But now to Henry of Hare-wood I mind for to ſkip,
And to his brother John, and John of Thorſlee-hope,
To ſee William Elliot of Swinſide, it is my full deſire,
And good John Elliot in Unthank that's brother to Dunlibyre;
Walter Elliot of Erkelton, he is a man of note;
So is Muckildean his brother, he's ſon to Janet Scot,
Robert Elliot in Diuſlees, the Laird of Clacks his Frier,
And good William Elliot of Bewly, he drives up the rear;
The rear's the ſecond place, if ſouldiers be but ſtout,
He is ſure to have the van, if the word be face about;
This was the ſecond ſquad appeared into my dream.
This is the third conſciencious ſquad,
My author doth me aſſure,
Although they be but ſhepherd ſwains,
They do relieve the poor;
As for John Grieve in Garwold,
He keeps both board and bed,

So

So doth James Grieve in Lennup,
And the Grieves on Common ſide·
And it is true, John Robertſon,
Is a comerad good enough,
And for houſe keeping he excels,
He dwells in Cauterscleugh;
Wheat-bread, ſalt-beef, mutton, and old cheeſe,
I riding by, he did my hungar eaſe,
With capon, and lamb, brandy and good ale,
He feaſted me in May, as I had been an Earl:
George Curror in Hartwood-myres,
He is a religious man;
So is Michael Andiſon in Annalſhope,
And his brother John in Thirlſton;
John Tod that dwells in Tuſhilaw
Can many ſheep afford;
And Thomas Anderſon is not ſmall,
That dwells in the How-foord.
Unto my dream, theſe were the men,
Which did appear to me,
They were four and twenty at the firſt,
But ſince I've added three.

*Dedicated to the Right Honourable* Walter *Earl of* Tarras.

*My Lord*,

THE lives and deaths of Knights, Lords and Earls,
This little book unto your Honour tells,
Protection and acceptance if you give,
It ſhall, as ſhall yourſelf, for ever live;
Of all the wonders this vile world includes,
I muſe how flatt'ry ſuch high favour gains,
How adulation cunningly deludes
Both high and low from ſcepter to the ſwain,

But if thou by flatt'ry couldſt obtain,
More than the moſt that is poſſeſt by men,
Thou couldſt not tune thy tongue to falſhood ſtrain,
Yet with the beſt can uſe both tongue and pen,
Thy ſecret learning can both ſcan and ken,
The hidden things of nature and of art,
It's thou haſt rais'd me from oblivion's den,
And made my muſe from obſcure ſleep to ſtart;
And to your Honour's cenſure I commit,
The firſt-born iſſue of my worthleſs wit,
Freſh-water ſouldiers ſails in ſhallow ſtreams,
And Leith-wynd captains venture not their lives,
A brain diſturb'd brings furth idle dreams,
And guilded ſheaths have ſeldom golden knives,
And painted faces none but fools bewitch,
My muſe is plain but witty, fair, and rich:
When thou didſt firſt to Agnanipa float,
Without thy knowledge as I ſurely think,
Where grace and nature filling up thy fountain,
My muſe came flowing from Parnaſſus' mountain;
So long may ſhe flow as it to thee is fit,
The boundleſs ocean of a Chriſtian wit:
For wit, reaſon, grace, religion, nature, zeal,
Wrought altogether in thy working brain,
And to thy work did ſet this certain ſeal,
Pure is the colour that will take no ſtain:
My Lord, although I do tranſgreſs,
You know that I did never yet profeſs,
Untill this time in print to be a poet,
And now to exerciſe my wit I ſhow it;
View but the intrals of this little book,
And you will ſay that I ſome pains have took,

Pains mix'd with pleaſure, pleaſure join'd with pain,
Produc'd this iſſue of my lab'ring brain.
My dear Lord, to you I owe a countleſs debt,
Which though I ever pay, will ne're be payed.
'Tis not baſe coin, ſubject to canker's fret,
If ſo in time my debt might be defray'd;
But this my debt I would have all men know,
Is love, the more I pay the more I owe;
Wit, learning, honeſty, and all good parts,
Hath ſo poſſeſs'd thy body and thy mind,
That covetouſly thou ſteals away mens hearts,
Yet 'gainſt thy ſhaft there's never one repay'd:
My heart that is my greateſt worldly pelf,
Shall ever be for thee as for myſelf;
Thou that in idle adulating words,
Canſt never pleaſe the humours of theſe days,
That greateſt works with ſmalleſt ſpeech afford,
Whoſe wit the rules of wiſdom's love obeys;
In few words then, I wiſh that thou mayſt be,
As well belov'd of all men as of me.
To vertue and to honour once in Rome,
Two ſtately temples there erected was,
Where none might into honour's temple come,
But firſt through vertue's temple they muſt paſs;
Which was an emblem and an document,
That men by vertue muſt true honour win;
And how that honour ſhall be permanent,
Which only did from vertue firſt begin.
Could envy die if honour were deceas'd,
She could not live for honour's envy's food,
She lives by ſucking of the noble blood,
And ſcales the lofty top of fame's high creſt,
Baſe thoughts compacted in the object's breaſt,

The meager monſter doth neither harm nor good,
But like the wain, or wax, or ebb, or flood,
She ſhuns as what her age doth moſt detaſte,
Where heaven-bred honour in the noble mind,
From out the cavern of the breaſt proceeds,
Ther hell-born envy ſhews her helliſh kind,
And vulture-like upon the actions feed;
But here's the odds, that honour's tree ſhall grow
When envy's rotten ſtump ſhall burn in low.
My Lord, I know your Honour knows,
That I muſt ſpeak the truth;
John Scot he was a natural ſon,
To Walter Earl of Buckcleugh,
Begot on Madam Drummond,
A noble lady by birth,
By kindred couſin-german
To the right honourable Earl of Perth:
He promis'd her wedlock, and prov'd unto her ſo,
' As Prince Æneas did to the Carthage Queen Dido;
But yet let their ſucceſſion
Live ſtill in memory,
He was a worthy valiant ſquire,
' John Scot of Gorinberry;
At the beauty of all the nine,
He hit the mark,
And married Sir John Liddle's daughter,
' Knight Baron, and Baronet;
And betwixt theſe worthy couple, procreat there be,
This preſent Francis Scot, the good laird of Gorinberry,
He hath gain'd the conſtant and true Penelope,
He's married to Sir John Wachop's daughter,
That old baron of Niddrie,
Whoſe names and fames, birth and antiquity,
Surpaſſes many ladies of ſome nobility;

I have declar'd the family,
Of the worthy lairds of Gorinberry,
And hopes his honour thinks no ſhame,
For to be call'd a ſhepherd's ſwain.
Our father Adam's ſecond ſon, a prince
As great as any man begotten ſince,
Yet in his function he a ſhepherd was,
And ſo his mortal pilgrimage did paſs;
And in the ſecret text it is compil'd,
That he that's father of the faithful ſtil'd,
Did as a ſhepherd live upon th' increaſe
Of ſheep on earth, until his days did ceaſe;
And in theſe days it was apparent then,
'Abel and Abram both were noblemen:
The one obtained his title righteouſly,
For his unfeigned ſerving the Moſt High;
He firſt did offer ſheep, which on record
Was ſacrifice accepted of the Lord,
Since patriarchs were ſhepherds
In Arcadia, and Greece,
I wiſh the wool in Etherſton-ſheils,
May grow like Jaſon's fleece.

*Dedicated to the very Honourable, and Right Worſhipful* Sir Fr
Scot *of* Thirlſton.

SIR, my weak collections out hath took,
'The ſum and pith of ſundry chronicle books;
For pardon and protection I intreat,
The volume's little, but my preſumption's great.
Sir, ſince all memorandums of fore paſt ages,
Sayings, and ſentences of antient ſages,
The glory of Apollo's radiant chine
The ſupporter of the ſacred ſiſters nine,

:tullus that all hiſtorians do bear,
;hout the world, here and every where;
er went behind you, I would ken,
worth throughout the ſpacious nation ring.
:ennal-burn, your worſhip's kinſman near,
h thoſe ſheep which golden fleeces wear,
may be, it is ſuch beaſt and fleece,
Jaſon brought from Cholcos into Greece;
:ot the ſquire of Newburgh-hall,
: Rennal-burn as men him call,
firſt John Scot of Rennal-burn late,
: the ſon and heir to his eſtate,
as the ſon of that Sir John Scot of worth,
nce of poets, and knight of Newburgh,
r Glovet, and Sir Thomas Moir,
: Philip Sidney, who the lawrel wear,
ever had a more poetical vein,
lewburgh's John, that was Mr Arthur's ſon.
r Arthur was a learned man,
Simon Scot of Newburgh then.
mon Scot's call'd Simon with the ſpear,
f Thirlſton was both for peace and wear;
mon Scot, a bold and reſolute man,
ſon to John Scot of Thirlſton;
:ot of Thirlſton,
d-ſir let me knaw,
ſon to David Scot of Howpaſlaw;
avid Scot he did excell,
t all hunters he bore the bell;
abound for wit and ſkill;
aſſociates did wear a tod tail;
they eſteem moſt by their engadges,
an French Gallants do of their plumages.
f Howpaſlaw, he was the ſon
irſt Sir Walter, e're was of that roum,

He was a man of credit and renown,
' He married Elliot daughter to the Laird of Lariſton;
David of Howpaſlaw, Sir Walter's ſon,
He married with Scot, a daughter of Robertoun;
His ſon John Scot of Thirlſton a man of worth,
He married Scot, the daughter of the Laird of Allenhaugh.
John's ſon, Robert, was warden in his time,
The fight of Robert's hill he did gain;
He for his king, and country, did maintain the truth;
He married Scot, daughter to the Laird of Buckcleugh;
The firſt Sir Robert Scot of Thirlſton was his ſon,
He married Margaret, daughter to the Laird of Cranſton;
Sir Robert Scot his ſon, for whoſe death I mourn,
He married Lyon, daughter to the maſter of Kinghorn.
His death was ſad to all his near relations,
A worthy man was he,
And died without ſucceſſion:
Then Patrick Scot, his father-brother ſon,
Took on the deſignation of Thirlſton,
A very worthy courteous man was he,
He married Murray daughter to the Laird of Blackbarony;
His ſon Sir Francis Scot, Knight Baronet of Thirlſton,
Is now married to Ker, daughter to William Earl of Louthian.
Of his genealogy I ſaid enough,
His original it is of Buckcleugh;
Yet were it no more but ſo I dare be bold,
To think this land doth many Jaſons hold;
Who never yet did paſs a dangerous wave,
Yet may with eaſe its golden fleeces have.
' My little book whoſo doth entertain,
' It's dedicat to none but gentlemen;
' Sometimes to old, ſometimes to young,
' Sometimes to the father, ſometimes to the ſon,
' Sometimes to the great, ſometimes to the ſmall,
' So my book it keeps no rule at all.

*Dedicated to that worthy and compleat gentleman,* Robert Scot, *ſecond ſon to* Sir William Scot *of* Hardin.

UNLEARNED Azo ſtore of books hath bought,
Becauſe a learned ſcholar he'l be thought;
I counſell'd him that had of books ſuch ſtore,
To buy pipes, flutes, the viol, and bandore,
And then his muſic, and his learning ſhare,
Being both alike, with either might compare;
He did both beat his brain, and try his wit,
In hopes thereby to pleaſe the multitude;
As ſoon may ride a horſe without a bit,
Above the moon or ſun's high altitude;
Then neither flattery, nor the hope of pelf,
Hath made me writ, but for to pleaſe myſelf:
Though ſin and hell work mortals to betray,
Yet 'gainſt thy malice, God ſtill arms thy way;
Thou canſt behave amongſt thoſe banks and briers,
As well as he who to cedars-top aſpires,
Or to the loweſt cherub, or branch of broom,
That hath its breeding from earth's ſtumbling womb.
And now I talk of broom, of ſhrubs and cedars,
Me thinks a world of trees, are now my leaders.
To proſecute this travel made with pain,
And make compariſon betwixt trees and men;
The cedars, and the high-clouds kiſſing pines,
Fœcunds, olives, and the crooked vines,
The elm, the eſk, the oak, the maſtie beech,
The pear, the apple, and the rough gound peach;
And many more, for it would tedious be,
To name each fruitful and unfruitful tree.
For to proceed, and ſhew how men and trees,
In birth and breed, in life and death agrees.

In

In their beginning they have both one birth,
Both have their natural being from the earth;
Thoſe that ſcape fortune, and the extreams of love,
Unto their longeſt home by death are drove,
Where Ceſars, Keſars, ſubjects objects moſt,
Be all alike conſum'd to dirt and duſt:
Death endeth all our cares, or cares increaſe,
It ſends us unto laſting pain, or bleſs;
Where honour is with noble vertue mixt;
It like a rock ſtands permanent and fix't.
The ſnares of Envy, or her traps of hate,
Could never, nor ſhall ever hurt that ſtate.
Like adamant it beats back the battery,
Of ſpightful malice, and deceiving flattery.
For it with pride can never be infected,
But humbly is ſupernally protected;
A ſupporter, or prop I wiſh Robert be,
As Rowlin call'd Robert was to Normandy.
Robert call'd John-Fernyear was in Scotland,
So was Robert Bruce his revenging powerful hand.
I wiſh thee health, wealth, and renown,
Without any expectation of a crown:
This dedication which to your hands takes ſcop,
Concerns a ſhepherd from Will Scot of Langup,
Who's a prudent, wiſe, and civil gentleman,
As many that lives in this part of the land;
Who ſprung from a worthy ſtock of late,
Who was named John Scot of Langup,
Who was the ſon, I very well knew,
Of John Scot of Headſhaw;
And John Scot, we all do ken,
Was ſon to George Scot of Sinton;
And George Scot, called How-coat,
Was ſon of Sinton's youngeſt Wat;

ıd young Wat was Walter's ſon,
ıat was Laird of Sinton, whence Hardin ſprung,
ıd Walter he was George ſon,
ıd George he was the ſon of John;
r Walter and William was too brether,
s name was George that was their father.
y memory is Lord-keeper of my treaſure,
ıd great underſtanding gives true juſtice meaſure,
ı good, to bad, to juſt and to unjuſt,
ention and remembrance waits the leaſure
memory and underſtanding moſt,
ıth wiſdom for her fellow and her guide;
e princes, peers, and commons ſtray aſide:
r William Scot in our ſouth part of Greeces,
iſh may ne're want ſuch as Jaſon's golden fleeces.

*)edicated to the worthy and well accompliſhed gentleman,* William Scot *of* Rae-burn.

HE juſtice, mercy, and the might I ſing,
Of heaven's juſt, merciful, almighty king,
whoſe fore-knowledge all things were elected,
hoſe power hath all things made, and all projected;
hoſe mercies flood hath quencht his juſtice flame,
ho is, ſhall be, one, and ſtill the ſame.
ho in the prime, when all things firſt began,
ıde all for man, and for himſelf made man:
ıde; not begotten, or of human birth,
ı ſeir but God, no mother but the earth,
ho ne're knew childhood, or the ſucking-teat,
t at the firſt was made a man compleat;
hoſe inward ſoul in God-like form did ſhine,
image of the majeſty divine;
hoſe ſuper-natural wiſdom beyond nature,
)id name each ſenſible and ſenſeleſs creature;

And from whoſe ſtar-like, ſand-like generation,
Sprung every kindred, kingdom, tribe and nation.
All people then one language ſpoke alone,
Interpreters the world then needed none;
There lived then no learned deep grammarians,
There was no Turks, no Scythians, nor Tartarians;
Then all was one, and one was only one,
The language of the univerſal ball;
Then if a traveller had gone as far,
As from the Artick to the Antartick ſtar,
If he from Boreas into Auſter went,
Or from the Orient to the Occident,
Which way ſo ever he did turn or wind,
He had been ſure his country-man to find;
One hundred thirty winters ſince the flood,
The earth one only language underſtood,
Until the ſon of Cuſh, the ſon of Cham,
A proud cloud-ſcaling tower began to frame,
Truſting, that if the world again were drown'd,
He in his lofty building might reſt found;
All future floods he purpos'd to prevent,
Aſpiring to heaven's glorious battlement;
'But high Jehovah with a puft was able,
'To make ambitions Babel but a bable.
Theſe ſhepherd ſwains, I ſend into your view,
Are thirty one, a very worthy crew;
Fifteen of them are gentlemen of note,
All of the renown'd name of Scot;
Whereof Henry Scot in Paliſhil is one,
The youngeſt ſhepherd ſwain of all the name
He's natural ſon unto that bold Barron.
Sir John Scot the knight of Ancrum;

Both wealth and wiſdom his father doth embrace,
And he abounds in Jaſon's golden fleece.

*Dedicated to the illuſtrious and worthy gentleman,* Thomas Scot *of* Whitſlade.

MOST worthy Sir, I have with pain and labour took,
To ſearch ſome hiſtories for this little book,
I have it all gathered from thence,
'Eſpecially things of greateſt conſequence;
And though the volumn, and the work be ſmall,
Yet it does contain the ſum of all;
To you I give it, with a heart moſt fervent,
And reſts your humble and obedient ſervant.
For ſhepherd ſwains they have been long
The glory of their land,
The beſt of men has been a ſwain,
Behold brave Tamerlane;
Then Walter Scot now of Todrick,
Since thou'rt a gentleman,
I'm ſure thou'll not offended be,
To be call'd a ſhepherd's ſwain;
Thy father Thomas did the like,
Since he to Todrick came:
Thomas thy good-ſir was a ſwain,
When he from Whitſlade ſprung:
Thy grandſire brave Walter of Whitſlade
Was call'd the hawk compleat,
A man of note and good report,
Yet had many flocks of ſheep;
His father Robert thy great grandſir,
Of Stirches was deſign'd,
Becauſe his father Walter Scot
Liv'd at Whitſlade, in his time

He

He was a worthy gentleman,
And kept a great Menzie:
There was ninety years paſt o're his head
Before that he did die;
The reſt of thy genealogie,
I can you well declare,
They were all worthy gentlemen;
But I will talk no mair.
To ſpeak of Whitſlade's family
Or when it did begin,
It's above two hundred years ago;
It was in the fourteen hundred eighty ſeven,
Walter the firſt of Whitſlade then,
Was Hardin's elder brother,
He married a fair comely dame,
Daughter to the Laird of Riddel;
Robert his father did ſucceed,
In heretages, mains, and miln,
And married with one Rutherford,
Daughter to the Laird Hunthill;
His ſon Walter, ſharp as a hawk,
For valour he did paſs,
He married with a comely dame,
Daughter to Caver's of Dowglas;
His ſon Sir Walter Scot, if I ſhould forget,
I ſhould be much to blame,
He married with Suſanna Scot,
Daughter to the Laird of Thirlſton;
And after her he married again,
Which I do know for truth,
Unto a very comely laſs,
Siſter to Sir John Scot of Newburgh;

Robert Scot of worthy note,
d's Jean married he,
laughter to Walter Lord of Buckcleugh,
a frugal Lady.
ter Scot, brother to Robert,
ried a Lady fair,
:r to Sir Robert Stuart of Ormſtoun,
is brother to John Earl of Traquair ;
his brother did him ſucceed,
of worthy fame,
ous Lady he did wed,
Mitchel was her name.
his ſon doth now remain,
hth Laird of that part,
ırried to a frugal dame,
:r to Sir John Hay of Park.
the laſt that of Whitſlade we loſt,
nan of good eſteem,
ırted in the year of grace
hundred and ſeventy one.
ter Scot his brother, that
rkeithing was ſlain,
nto the year of grace
hundred and fifty one ;
ther Robert that bold barron,
n woful hour,
:'s great fight he loſt his life,
ıxteen hundred and forty four.
ıther brave Sir Walter Scot,
ef of chivalry,
ıxteen hundred twenty eighth year,
tſlade he did die.
tſlade's worthy family,
o further dite,
loes know aſſuredly,
:ither read nor write.

Ulyſſes was a happy man of men,
In that his acts were writ with Homer's pen;
And Virgil wrote the actions of the glory,
Of brave Æneas and his wandring ſtory;
The ſhepherds live, and thus they end their lives,
With good and brave and juſt prerogatives.

*Dedicated to that worthy gentleman*, John Scot *of* Wall, *brother germ to* Sir William Scot *of* Hardin *elder*.

MOST worthy Sir, into your hands I give,
The ſum of that which makes me ſo brief,
I humbly crave acceptance at your hand,
And reſts your ſervant ever to command.
Since I've begun, I hope to make an end,
And as I can my ſhepherd ſwains defend;
For Walter Scot of Wall,
Theſe lines I do deſign;
For there are many gallants
That have ſhepherds been;
Rome's fond Romulus was bred and fed,
'Mongſt ſhepherds where his youthful days he led.
The Perſian Monarch Cyrus he did paſs,
His youth with ſhepherds, and a ſhepherd was;
Wherefore I humbly thee intreat,
'If I do call thee ſhepherd, not to fret;
For I know ye are all gentlemen,
To the ſeventh or eighth generation:
And I will do to you that I'll not do to others,
'For I'll deſcribe you both your fathers and mothers;
Becauſe erroneous liars the old family did not ken,
Call'd Harden, this and that ſaid, they're not gentlemen;
Wherefore I will at William begin,
Brother german to Walter of Sinton,

a man of great command,
ed all Sinton's Lordſhip,
Beat-up land;
ne ſon of George,
enjoy the ſame,
; father, his name was John:
ft his ſecond ſon, it is moſt clear,
ur and five thouſand merks a year,
poſſeſſion at that time,
ot what charter and evidence was then:
miſbelieving people ken,
ds as they ly, I will deſign;
: William was a valiant man,
the firſt laird of Hardin:
ſeſſion he had then no leſs
lin, Totſhaw, Mebenlaw, and High-cheſters,
lrick, which good ſheep afford;
ſſenſide, Burnfoot, and Sheillswood;
re the lands I do explain,
rge of Sinton gave his ſon William;
ıld ramping liars blaſt his fame,
hat he was not a gentleman;
d nothing of gentry,
the title of dignity:
lady that he did gain,
ghter to the baron of Chiſm,
Hardin place he did ſit down,
her there begat one only ſon;
n ſhort proceſs of ſwift time,
ere ſhe came to her prime:
a widower did remain,
g a time I do not ken;
on he grew up to be a man,
Walter Scot of Hardin:

Then

Then Hardin did to Riddel ride,
The old laird of Riddel being dead,
In ſuit of his relict there came he,
She was a daughter of Fairnilie;
She was a fair and beauteous dame,
And at that time ſhe was but young;
Her beauty others did excell,
She had one daughter to Riddel,
Brave William Scot he did her gain,
They had not been long in that roum,
While the ladie's daughter married the laird's ſon;
Then they left the young folk in Hardin,
And the old folk in Todrick they ſat down,
'And there they did two ſons beget,
'Robert of Burnfoot, and George of Todrick;
And both of them prov'd ſtout able men,
They were the firſt cadents come of Hardin:
Now to the young folks I return,
The Laird and Lady of Hardin,
Betwixt them was procreat a ſon,
Call'd William Bolt-foot of Hardin;
He did ſurvive to be a man,
And then to the Fairnilie he came;
And Fairnilie's daughter he did wed;
For they were related by kindred:
Betwixt them two was procreat,
The ſtout and valiant Walter Scot
Of Hardin, who can never dy,
But live by fame to the tenth degree:
He became both able, ſtrong and ſtout,
Married Philip's daughter, ſquire of Dryhope,
Which was an antient family,
And many broad lands enjoyed he;
Betwixt theſe Scots was procreat,
That much renown'd Sir William Scot,

ed not to explain his name,
auſe he ever lives by fame:
was a man of port and rank,
married Sir Gideon Murray's daughter of Elibank;
wixt them there was procreat,
is old Sir William that's living yet:
is old Sir William married
ifter of the houſe of Boyd,
d there's procreat them betwixt,
William Scot, now call'd youngeſt,
ecauſe his father does remain,
herefore he's called young Sir William;
d young Sir William married
e only daughter of Sir John Niſbet,
late was advocat to the king,
d now is call'd Lord Dirltoun:
is genealogy is true,
d the old was as good as the new.
w worthy Wall, I wiſh thee life and health,
ping thou'l ne're marry inferior to thyſelf;
t ambition, pomp, and hell-begotten pride,
d damn'd adulation thou will ſtill deride;
e complimental flattery of kings courts
ope ſhall ne're be mixt amidſt thy ſports:
r Homer was the prime of poets ſtil'd,
d worthy actions ſtill he did compile;
at he did both in Arcadia and Greece,
tol the ſhepherds with Jaſon's golden fleece.

*dicated to the Honourable and well accompliſhed gentleman,* Sir William
Scot *of* Hardin Knight.

JNTO the proſpect of your wiſdom's eyes,
I conſecrat theſe ſilly lines,

Not that I think them worthy of your view,
But, becauſe in love my thoughts are bound to you;
I do confeſs myſelf unworthy far,
To dite in ſuch like caſes as they are:
Which Homer, Virgil, nor the fluent Tullie,
In fitting terms could ſcarce expreſs them fully:
For Francis Scot of Gilman's-cleugh,
To you I do commend,
In hopes your worſhip ſtill will be his friend,
The ſon of John, the ſon of Robert, call'd Truth,
Who was the ſon of James,
The firſt of Gilman's-cleugh,
A valiant gentleman, who well deſerv'd renown,
He was the youngeſt ſon to John Scot of Thirlſton;
The which John Scot he did excell,
Being ſon to David with the tod's tail;
And David Scot, my author let me know,
He was ſon to Walter of Howpaſlaw:
Sir Walter he was William's ſon,
Of the worthy houſe of Buckcleugh he ſprung,
The lads in Gilman's-cleugh,
In hunting did excell;
So did their father David,
That carried the tod's tail,
Who had as much delight,
In hunting of that beaſt,
As Jaſon had in Greece
To bear the golden fleece.

*Dedicated to the Right Honourable,* Sir John Scot *of* Ancrum, *Knig*
*wiſhes mirth and happineſs be ſtill your attendance.*

THE guns proclaim'd aloud on every hill,
The joyful acclamations of the Scots People;

he which did thunder with ſo high a ſtrain,
s if great Mars they meant to entertain:
rue mirth and gladneſs was to every face,
nd healths run bravely round in every place;
'hat ſure I think the ſeventh day of July,
t the Reid-ſwair ſhould ne're foregotten be;
'hat was a day to his everlaſting fame,
he valiant Laird Wat brought in the worthy name;
'hat day ſhould ever be dedicat to mirth,
s if it had been a ſoveraign's birth:
Vhen valiant Wat, that worthy man,
rought in the name of Scot, well to be ſeen;
was nothing ye'll ſay to bring them in,
ut to th' effuſion of his blood
e brought them back again;
he executors and tutors, that hath been in our time,
he honour of the Scots did ne're ſo much proclaim:
he old verſe I muſt give in,
Though men ſhould ſay that I am drunken,
ow Watt thy guid-ſir, that worthy man,
o the Reid-ſwair brought his troop,
he ſeventh day of July, the ſooth to ſay,
t the Reid-ſwair the tryſt was ſet;
ur wardens they did fix a day,
s they appointed, ſo they met.
he Lord Buckcleugh he was but young,
armichael was warden in his place,
he Laird Wat, that worthy man,
ommanded the ſirname with great grace:
hy pedegree is ſoon deſcribed,
think I may do it well enough.
hy father Charles was Laird Wat's ſon,
ho was natural ſon to Scot of Buckcleugh,
eir generations is formerly deſcribed,

I need them not deſcribe again,
Both Walter's and William's and Sir Arthur;
Unto the ninth generation;
From whence ſuch men may gather their relief,
That though a ram-head may be cauſe of grief,
Yet nature hath a remedy found out,
They ſhould have Lyons hearts to bear it out;
Though I call'd thee ſhepherds ſwain,
Yet I deſerve no blame;
I hope that Jaſon's golden-fleece
With thee ſtill ſhall remain.

*Dedicated to the right worſhipful, and very honourable, and moſt g rous gentleman,* Sir William Scot *of* Hardin *younger.*

THE Prince of Princes, and the King of Kings,
Whoſe eye of providence foreſees all things,
To whom, whatever was, or ever ſhall be,
I preſent ſtill before his Majeſty,
Who doth diſpoſe of all things as he liſt,
' And graſpeth time in his eternal fiſt;
He ſees and knows for us what's bad or good,
And all things is by him well underſtood,
Mens weak conjecture no man can arreid,
What in th' eternal parliaments decreed;
And what the Trinity concludeth there,
We muſt expect it with obedience here;
Then let not any man preſume ſo far,
To ſearch what the Almightie's councils are;
But let our wills attend upon his will,
And let his will be our direction ſtill:
Let not Plebeians be inquiſitive,
Nor into any profound ſtate buſineſs dive.

Ye into the thouſand and ſixteenth year,
ince Fergus our firſt king did appear,
lave many hopeful royal princes had,
Vho, as heaven pleas'd to bleſs, were good or bad.
ergus was the firſt which we had crown'd,
or learning, and for wiſdom high renown'd:
eyond the verge of Chriſtendom's ſwift fame,
)id make the world admire his noble name.
\ hundred and eleven Kings we have had ſinceſyne,
Whereof one of them was a Queen;
Their valour and triumphant victories
Have fill'd the world, and mounts into the ſkyes:
\s Kenneth the Second, that king of victory,
\nd Gregorius Magnus, whoſe fame can never dye.
Robertus Brucius, that king of high renown,
King James the Sixth, that united the three crowns;
Theſe victorious princes govern'd well,
But more has been of the contrair ſtrain;
Love ſometimes made the gods themſelves diſguiſe,
\nd muffle up their mighty deities,
\nd vertuous princes of the gods have odds,
When princes goodneſs doth out-go the gods;
I'm a fooliſh man, this is no work of mine,
It's an operation of the power divine.
Let God alone, for what he hath in hand;
t's ſaucie, folly and madneſs to withſtand
What his eternal wiſdom hath decreed,
Who better knows than we do, what we need.
To him let's pray for his moſt ſafe protection,
Him we implore for his moſt ſure direction;
Let his aſſiſtance be the ſeventh King James's guide,
That in the end God may be glorified:
Let us amendment in our lives expreſs,
And let our thanks be more, our ſins be leſs.

Thy cuſin William Scot in Milſington,
He is an worthy gentleman,
Come of a worthy family,
For he from Whitſlade ſprung;
Of his brother Todrick I have writ,
And given a true relation,
Of his moſt worthy pedegree,
Unto the ſeventh or ninth generation;
Therefore it is needleſs unto me,
To writ them over again;
For if I pleaſe, I could reviſe
Them to the fifteen generation.
According to my dream, he is the ſhepherd's ſwain,
I hope Jaſon's golden fleece with him ſhall ſtill remain.

*Dedicated to the very worſhipful, and much honoured generous gen men,* Hugh Scot *of* Gallow-ſhiells, *and* Walter Scot *in* Wauchop.

O! For a quill of that Arabian wing,
That's hatch't in embers of ſome kindled fire,
Who to herſelf, her ſelf doth iſſue bring,
And, three in one, is young, and dame and ſier:
O! that I could to Virgil's vein aſpire,
Or Homer's verſe, the golden lauguage Greek,
With poliſh'd phraſes, I my lines would tire,
Into the deep of art my muſe ſhould ſeek;
Mean time amongſt the vulgar ſhe muſt throng,
Becauſe ſhe hath no help from my unlearned tongue;
Great is the glory of the noble mind,
Where life and death are equal in reſpect,
If fates be good or bad, unkind, or kind;
Not proud in freedom nor in thrall deject;
With courage ſcorning fortune's worſt effect,
And ſpitting in fond envie's cankered face,
True honour thus doth baſer thoughts deject;

Eſteem

Eſteeming life a ſlave that ſerves diſgrace,
Foul abject thoughts become the mind that's baſe,
That deems there is no better life nor this,
Or after death doth fear a worſer place,
Where guilt is payed the guardian of a miſs;
But let ſwoln envy ſwell untill ſhe burſt,
The noble mind defies her, do her worſt;
If Homer's verſe in Greek did merit praiſe,
If Naſo in the Latine won the bayes,
If Maro amongſt the Romans did excell,
If Toſa in the Teſtine tongue wrote well;
A ſouldier that could never lead a pen,
Shows to the eighth or ninth generation,
Although I him enrol, and call him ſhepherd's ſwain,
Yet hereby I approve he is a gentleman,
The ſon of Adam, who was by lot,
The brother of the worthy Colonel Scot,
Who died with honour at Dumbar's fight,
In maintenance of King and country's right:
He was the ſon, I know it for truth,
Of William Scot, Laird of Whitehaugh;
And William Scot was the eldeſt ſon
Of Walter Scot, ſtil'd of the ſame;
Walter Scot was Robert's ſon,
And Robert he was Walter's ſon:
The firſt of Whitehaugh that from Borthwick ſprung,
That Wat of Whitehaugh was couſin-german
To John of Borthwick, who faſted ſo long,
'Three ſundry times he did perform
'To faſt fourty days, I do aver;
Biſhop Spotſwood, my author is he,
A profound learn'd prelat that would not lie:
When James the Fifth he was Scotland's King,
In the Caſtle of Edinburgh he incarcer'd him,

And

And would not believe the country ſays,
That any mortal could faſt fourty days;
Bear-bread and water the king allow'd for his meat,
But John Scot refus'd, and would not eat:
'When the fourty days were come and gone,
'He was a great deal luſtier than when he began.
Then of the king he did preſume,
To beg recommendation to the Pope of Rome,
'Where there he faſted fourty days more,
'And was neither hungry, ſick, nor ſore:
From Rome he did haſtily return,
And arrived in Brittain at London;
Where Henry the Eighth he got notice,
That John Scot had faſted twice fourty days;
The King would not believe he could do ſuch thing,
For which he commanded to incarcerate him;
Fourty days expir'd he ſaid he had no pain,
Than his faſt had been but ten hours time:
Here Walter Scot I'll draw near an end,
From John of Borthwick thy fathers did deſcend;
He was the ſon of Walter, I have ſaid enough,
Their original is from Buckcleugh.
In the fourſcore pſalm we read,
That like a flock our God did Joſeph lead,
And ev'ry day we do confeſs almoſt,
That we have err'd, and ſtray'd like ſheep that's loſt,
For oaths, and paſſing words, and joining hands,
Is like aſſurance written in the ſands,
The ſilly ſheeps-ſkin turn'd to parchment thin,
Shows that Jaſon's golden fleece with thee remains.

*:d to the Right Worſhipful and truely generous, my well approved friend,* Sir Patrick Scot *of* Long-newton, *appearant of* Ancrum, *ɔt.*

uch a title of preheminence then,
bear the name of ſhepherd's ſwain,
ıvid who ſo well his words did frame,
our Great Creator by that name;
ſs'd Redeemer, God's eternal ſon,
ɔnly merits our ſalvations won,
the harmleſs name of ſhepherd take,
protection, and his mercie's ſake,
makes thy reſt like thoſe that reſtleſs be,
e that is purſued, and cannot flie;
the buſſie, buſſing, bumming bee,
the fruitleſs naught reſpected flee,
ts the ſubtile air ſo ſwift and faſt,
he ſpidder's webb he's fetter'd faſt.
ıg faſt aſleep, and ſleeping in a dream,
y that dale which flows with milk and cream,
ıreſt dame did to thee ſay,
Francis, come away;
:red when I heard that name begun,
Francis, that was Adam's ſon,
am in his time deſerv'd no miſreport,
the ſon of Gilmanſcleugh Robert;
bert was a pretty gentleman,
r to James, he was his eldeſt ſon;
t of Gilmanſcleugh James was then,
ıs the youngeſt ſon of Thirlſton;
ın of Thirlſton I let you know,
ı to David Scot of Howpaſlaw;
vid Scot that worthy man,
ı to Sir Walter of the ſame;
nanſcleugh I 've ſaid enough,
: original is from Buckcleugh;

Now of all beaſts that ever were or are,
None can for goodneſs with a ſheep compare;
Indeed for bone and burthen I muſt grant,
He's much inferiour to the elephant;
The dromedarie, camel, horſe, and aſs,
For load and carriage doth the ſheep ſurpaſs;
Strong Taurus, Eunoch's ſon, the labouring ox,
The ſtaitly ſtaig, the bobtail crafty fox;
Theſe and all rav'nous beaſts of prey muſt yield,
Unto the ſheep, the honour of the field;
Where ſheep abounds in Scotland more or leſs,
There's ſtill a part of Jaſon's golden fleece.

*Dedicated to the worſhipful and truely generous gentleman,* Robert Scot *laird of* Horſliehill, *ſon to* William Scot *of* Horſliehill, *who was ſon to* Robert Scot *portioner and baillie of Hawick, who was ſon to* William Scot, *who was ſecond ſon to the* Laird *of* Midgup; Walter Scot *of* Midgup *was grand-child to* Adam Scot *of* Tuſhilaw, *who was ſon to the foreſaid* David Scot *of* Howpaſlaw, *who was ſon to the firſt* Sir Walter Scot *of* Howpaſlaw; *their original was from* Buckcleugh.

'A ſimple ſheep-ſkin proves the only ty,
'And ſtay whereon a world of men rely,
'Which hold a crew of earth-worms in more awe,
'Than both the tables of the ſecret law;
For as the ram the ewe doth fructifie,
And ev'ry year a lamb doth multiplie,
So doeth a ſheep-ſkin bound make many breed,
And procreat as ſeed doth ſpring from ſeed,
It's one man's freedom and another's loſs,
And like the Pope, it both can bind and looſe;
Adam Scot in Delorian I do nominate,
And for thy generation, it cannot be forgot,

Unto

Unto Graſs-yard thy brother it is declar'd by me,
Which may ſerve all that is of one poſterity:
And in concluſion this I humbly crave,
That ev'ry one the honeſty may have;
That when your frail mortality is paſt,
Ye may be the good ſhepherds at the laſt;
Be not offended at the ſtile of ſhepherd's ſwain,
For Jaſon's golden fleece is ſtill worthy of coin.

*Dedicated to that worthy and valiant ſouldier,* Captain James Scot, *a brigadier in his Majeſtie's moſt honourable life-guard, ſon to* Walter Scot *of* Tuſhilaw, *who was ſon to* Robert Scot *of* Tuſhilaw, *who was ſon to* Sir Walter Scot *of* Tuſhilaw, *who was ſon to* Robert Scot *of* Tuſhilaw, *who was ſon to* Adam Scot *of* Tuſhilaw.

WHOSE former geneaolgie is already ſpoken;
The fable of the golden fleece began,
Becauſe ſheep did yield ſuch ſtore of gold to men;
For he that hath great ſtore of woolly fleeces,
May, when he pleaſes, have ſtore of golden pieces;
Honeſt James Scot of Sheils-wood,
Whoſe like there is not many,
Whoſe love and piety doth feed and help ſo many;
It is no doubt, but theſe good deeds of his,
Will help to lift his ſoul to endleſs bleſs;
Of his genealogie I will ſpeak no more,
Becauſe his brother Graſs-yards is ſet down before;
I hope Jaſon's fleece ſhall never from him flee,
Becauſe he is inclin'd to hoſpitality.

*Dedicated to the worthy and much reſpected generous gentleman,* James Scot *of* Briſto, *Son to* Mr James Scot, *late parſon of Ancrum, who was ſon to* John Scot *of* Cachlack-know, *who was ſon to* Walter Scot *of* Mount-bernger, *who was ſon to* Robert Scot *of* Mount-bernger, *who was ſon to* Simon Scot *of* Mount-bernger, *who was ſon to* Simon

Simon Scot *of* Dryhop, *who was ſon to theLaird of* Howpal *whoſe original is from* Buckcleugh.

MY worthy Cuſing, I muſt to thee commend,
Him who of his talent ſurely has made ten,
Like as Joſeph did in Ægypt long remain,
Whilſt his brether did for food unto him come;
So Gideon privately did live, and made no ſcroup,
Whilſt that his brethren ſwaggred round about;
But now of Jaſon's fleece he hath more ſtore,
Than ever his brethren had before;
This Gideon Scot he is a pretty man,
Amongſt the reſt of worthy ſhepherds ſwain,
Of Outer-ſiderig now he is Laird,
He was ſon to Robert of Har-wood;
Robert he was a worthy man,
He was ſon to Walter of Erckletoun;
Walter ſprung from that ſame ſtock,
That was call'd John Scot of the New-wark,
And John he was James's ſon.
My ſleeping muſe is now layen down,
But when ſhe wakes out of her dream,
The reſt of's pedegree I'le explain;
Since he and Jaſon is ſo well acquaint,
His golden fleeces he has to him lent.

*Dedicated to that generous, and well approved gentleman,* James S *Laird of* Bow-hill.

MIRACOLOUS monſters in the Britiſh clyme,
Monſters of nature ſprung from putrid Shem,
Sampſon that pull'd the gates of Gaza down,
Nor Libian Hercules, whoſe furious frown,

Vould maze ſtrong gyants, tame the lyon's rage,
Vere not ſo ſtrong as gallants of this age;
Vhy you ſhall ſee an up-ſtart cock-brain'd Jack,
Vill bear five hundred aikers on his back,
nd walk as ſtoutly, as if it were no load,
nd bear it to each place of his abode;
love-ſick woer would a ſonnet write,
praiſe of her who was his heart's-delight,
loping thereby his wiſhed love to win,
nd to obtain it, thus he did begin.
Star of the earth, and empreſs of my ſoul,
hy love and life, that doth my thoughts controul,
ole queen of my affections and deſire,
hat like to Ætna ſets my heart on fire,
hy golden locks reſembling Titan's amber,
loſt fit to grace ſome mighty monarch's chamber:
hine eyes eclipſing Titan in his riſing,
hy face ſurpaſſing nature's beſt deviſing,
hy lips evaporats moſt ſweet perfumes,
hy voice the muſick of the ſphers aſſumes;
erfections wound more than loves ſhaft and bow,
hy red the roſe doth ſhame, thy white the ſnow,
hou world's wonder, nature's cleareſt feuel,
tain not thy vertues with thy being cruel;
eſides it is an eaſie thing to prove,
is a ſovereign remedy for love,
s ſuppoſe your thoughts at hourly ſtrife,
lalf mad, and almoſt weary of your life:
ll for the love of ſome fair female creature,
nd that you are intangled with her feature;
That you are glad, and ſad, and mad, and tame,
Seeming to burn in froſt, and frieze in flame;
In one breath, ſinging, laughing, weeping,
Dream as you walk, and waking in your ſleeping,

Accounting hours for years, and months for ages,
Till you enjoy her that your heart engages,
And ſhe hath ſent you anſwers long before,
That her intent is not to be your whore;
And you, for your part, mean upon your life,
Ne're while you live to take her to your wife;
The weſt-border ſeed, it is not fit for you,
You may procure better than there doth grow;
Thou art the brother by thy place unto a lovely ſwain,
The ſon of that renowned ſquire, John Scot of Rennal-burn,
Thy father Robert yet ſurvives,
Thy guid-ſir was by the Napiers ſlain,
Thy grand-ſir the firſt laird of Bow-hill,
Was ſon to John Scot of Thirlſton.
A worthy ſquire John Scot of Rennal-burn,
He was the ſon of that Sir John Scot,
Whom the muſes lov'd, and hovered at his gate.
And Sir John was ſon of that learned man,
Mr Arthur Scot who was ſtil'd of New-burgh than;
And Mr Arthur was brave Simon's ſon,
He who was tutor to the pupils of Thirlſton;
And John of Thirlſton that brave fellow,
Was ſon to David Scot of Howpaſlaw,
And David was the firſt Sir Walter's ſon:
So, James, thy genealogy I have done,
And ſpoken nothing but the very truth,
Thy original is from Buckcleugh;
Since fates allow the harmleſs beaſts ſuch ſtore,
I hope of Jaſon's fleece thou ſhalt have more and more.

*Dedicated to the honourable and truly noble,* Sir William Elliot *of* Stobs *Knight and Baronet.*

IT's not in expectation of reward,
That I this book into your hands do render,

But

But in my humble duty in regard,
That I am bound my dayly thanks to render;
If my verſe be defective, and my accent rude,
My ſtile be harſh, and my learning ſlender,
I am defended againſt a multitude,
If that your patronage be but my defender.
This to avoid hell's-hatcht ingratitude,
My duteous love, my lines and life ſhall be,
To you devoted, ever to conclude;
May you, and your moſt vertuous Lady ſee
Long happy days, in honour ſtill encreaſing,
And after death true honour never ceaſing.
Your Worſhip's parents were ſo well known by me,
That I'm bold to ſhow them to the fourth degree,
Theſe worthy families I muſt needs commend,
From whom Sir William Elliot of Stobs did deſcend:
I here ſet down the number what they are,
And then I'le nominate them in particular.
Thy thirty anceſtors I would have men to ken,
Thy eight great grandſirs, and thy eight great grandames,
Thy grandſirs and grandames eight, that makes twenty four,
Thy goodſirs and goodames four, with father and mother;
Thy thirty anceſtors I have ſet down,
And thou thyſelf makes thirty and one;
This true account from whence your Worſhip ſprung,
Is juſt to the fourth generation of your kin:
Thy firſt great grandſir and grandam, it's of truth,
Was Elliot of Lariſton, and Scot of Buckcleugh;
To thy ſecond great grandſir and grandam now I trot,
They were Scot of Hardin, and Scot of Dryhop;
Thy third great grandſir and grandam to their name,
Was Douglas of Cavers, and a ſiſter of Cranſton;
Thy fourth great grandſir to his name,
Was Douglas the Laird of Whittinghame;

I am not certain, yet have heard ſome mean,
He was married to Hepburn a daughter of Waughton;
Thy fifth great grandſir to whom I flee,
Was Sir John Cranſton, and Ramſay of Dalhouſie;
Thy ſixth great grandſir and grandam I ſet down,
Was Cranſton of Moriſton, and Cockburn of Lanton;
Thy ſeventh great grandſir and grandam I reveal,
Was Lord Seton of Seton and Maxwel of Maxwel;
Thy eight great grandſir and grandam no leſs,
Then Earl Bothwell and Dowglas ſiſter to the Earl Angus.
Now to the firſt grandſir and grandam I come,
Elliot of Stobs, and Scot of Hardin;
To the ſecond grandſir and grandam now I run,
Sir William of Cavers, and Dowglas of Whittinghame;
Thy third grandſir and grandam I muſt proclaim,
Was William Lord Cranſton, and Sarah daughter to Sir John:
Thy fourth grandſir was the Lord Coldinghame.
Now to thy firſt goodſir I do rehearſe,
Which was Elliot of Stobs and Dowglas of Cavers,
Thy other goodſir and goodam of much renown,
Was Mr of Cranſton, and daughter to Lord Coldinghame,
Thy father and mother who ſtill lives by fame,
Sir Gilbert of Stobs, and ſiſter to Lord Cranſton;
Although I cannot write, yet I have ſpent my breath,
In dilating thy deſcent from good King James the Fifth.
Earl Bothwel thy great grandſir,
Was a valiant man,
He was King James the Fifth
His own natural-ſon.
And now I humbly crave your worthineſs excuſe,
For the boldneſs of my unlearned muſe,
That hath preſumed ſo high a pitch to flee,
In praiſe of virtue and gentilitie;

I know this taſk is fit for learned men,
For Homer, Ovid, or for Virgil's pen;
Boldly to write true honour's worthineſs,
Whilſt better muſes pleaſed to hold their peace;
And this much to the world my verſe proclaims,
That neither gain nor flattery are my ends;
But love and duty to your familie
Has caus'd my muſe theſe lines to publiſh'd be:
And therefore I intreat your generous heart,
To accept my duty and pardon my neglects,
Bear with my weakneſs, wink at my defects,
Good purpoſes do merit good effects.
Poor earthen veſſels may hold precious wine,
And I preſume that in this book of mine,
In many places ye ſhall ſomething find,
To pleaſe its noble well affected mind;
And for excuſe, my muſe doth humbly plead,
That ye'll forbear to judge before ye read.
The Perſians, Egyptians, and the Iſraelites,
And raging Razin, King of Aramites,
Then the Aſſyrians twice, and then again
The Egyptians over-run them all amain.
Then the Chaldeans, and once more they came,
Egyptian Ptolomey, who them overcame;
Then Pompey next king, Herod laſt of all,
Veſpaſian was their univerſal fall
As in Aſſyria monarchy began,
They loſt it to the warlike Perſian;
Of Nimrod's race a race of kings deſcended,
Till in Aſtiages his ſtock was ended;
For Cyrus into Perſia did tranſlate
The Aſſyrian ſoveraign monarchizing ſtate;
Then after many bloody bruiſing arms,
The Perſian yielded to the Greeks alarms:

But ſmoak-like Grecian glory laſted not,
Before 'twas ripe it did untimely rot:
The world's commander, Alexander, died,
And his ſucceſſors did the world divide;
From one great monarch in a moment ſprings
Confuſion, Hydra-like, from ſelf-made kings;
Till they all wearied, ſlaughtered and forlorn,
Had all the earth diſmember'd, rent and torn;
The Romans took advantage of their fall,
And over-ran, captiv'd, and conquer'd all:
Thus, as one nail another out doth drive,
The Perſians the Aſſyrians did deprive;
The Grecians then the Perſian pride did tame,
The Romans then the Grecians overcame;
Whilſt like a vapour all the world was toſt,
And kingdoms were transferr'd from coaſt to coaſt;
And ſtill the Jews in ſcatter'd multitudes,
Deliver'd were to ſundry ſervitudes,
Chang'd, given, bought, and ſold from land to land,
Where they not underſtood, nor underſtand;
To every monarchy they were made ſlaves,
Egypt, Aram, Chaldea, them outbraves,
Aſſyria, Perſia, Grecia, laſtly Rome,
Invaded them by heavens juſt angry doom;
Four ages did the ſons of Heber paſs,
Before their final diſſolution was;
Their firſt age, aged patriarchs did guide,
The ſecond reverend judges did decide;
The third by kings, nought, good, bad, worſe and worſt,
The fourth by prophets, who them bleſt or curſt,
As their dread God commanded or forbid,
To curſe or bleſs, even ſo the prophets did.
Good reader, I have writ theſe lines to let thee know withall,
What deſolations did in former ages fall,

And here within ſixſcore of year,
By many families it doth appear,
Who were men of note, and their ſubſtance did abound,
Yet to great ſervitude their children came;
But yet I think men ſhould not fret,
'For a ſuſpenſion never pays no debt;
For if a man according to the laws,
He be captivat for an onerous cauſe,
And then from bondage he again return,
This is no act of credit left by him.
In hiſtories its often read,
That kings ſons have been tradeſmen bred;
Criſpin and Criſpianus the Engliſh ſing,
Was ſon to Braenus the Britiſh King,
Of ſuch a change men they may admire,
'From a crown to become a cordiner;
If his ſon's ſon did live to be a man,
And if that he might rightly play his game,
Durſt any poultry piſmee call him down,
'By exclamation to be a ſutor's ſon.
Theſe idle queſtioniſts, and theſe ſchiſmaticks,
I hold no better than rank hereticks;
But this I think not well when honeſt hearts,
Shall have this undervaluing name without deſerts;
If every hair upon the heads of men
Were quills, and every quill a pen,
Were earth to paper turn'd, and ſeas to ink,
And all the world were writers, yet I think
They could not write enough of miſchief's ſtrain,
Calumnious boaſters, bloody tongued men.
Of Perſians, Pagans, Aſians, or Rome,
'I need not write, there's diviſion enough at home.
For the Elliots brave and worthy men,
Have been as much oppreſs'd as any name I ken,

For

For in my own time I have ſeen ſo much odds,
No Elliot enjoyed any heritage, but Dunlibire, Fanaſh, and Stobs;
Stobs being *ſine qua non*, and obedient to the truth,
A beloved ſiſter-ſon to the family of Buckcleugh:
Yet in the border-ſide the Elliots did remain,
Since King Robert the Firſt, they with him from Angus came.
The town of Elliot was their antiquitie,
Which ſtands in Angus in the foot of Glenſhie;
With brave King Robert the Bruce they hither came,
Which is three hundred and eighty years agone;
In weſt Tiviotdale theſe gentlemen did dwell,
They were twelve great families, I heard my good-ſir tell;
Their chief was then a baron of renown,
Deſigned Reid-heugh, which is now call'd Lariſton;
Stobs and Dunlibyre is of the antient kind,
Cobſhaw, Brugh, Prickinhaugh, and Gorinberrie's gone,
Yet there's more Elliots by other ſtiles that ſupplies their room;
Erckletoun it was long out of the Elliots name,
But now it is return'd to the ſelf ſame again;
Elliot of Bewlies, ſome ſay, he's not a gentleman;
But I proteſt they do him wrong to his ninth generation;
What if a man have ſons three,
Procreat and born from one belly,
Can one of them be a gentleman,
And another be a peaſant's ſon?
'He neither deſcends from kill nor mill,
He's ſprung from the Laird of Horſliehill,
Thereof his grandſir was a younger brother-ſon,
Thouh he was ſervant to the Laird of Hardin;
Hardin the foreſaid William did ſo much eſteem,
That he in marriage his natural daughter did gain,
And betwixt them two was procreat, I muſt reveal,
That Robert Elliot that lived in Borthwick-ſheill;
And Robert Elliot married a gentle dame,
Hately from the family of Mellarſtain,

wixt them two was procreat ſure,
od Thomas Elliot in Borthwick-ſheils,
at much reliev'd the poor;
d Thomas Elliot married then,
e daughter of the laird chamberlain Newton,
ıd procreat betwixt them be
illiam Elliot of Bewlie;
illiam Elliot of Bewlie, ye underſtand the man,
:'s married with the ſiſter of Scot of Sinton,
Vho him calumniats with a miſ-report,
'le ſay he is a liar in his throat;
r Romulus that builded Rome,
as nurs'd upon a bear, yet was a prince's ſon;
ıe father of the faithful, Abram, Abel and Lot,
ere ſhepherds in their time, yet types and patriarchs;
ıe Schythian ſhepherd, a conqueror compleat,
mmerlane the Great, yet he attended ſheep;
: is but *mala fama* whatever be his coyn,
ıat ſays that Bewlie is not a gentleman:
alter of Erckleton theſe miſ-reports may clear,
r he was called nothing but ſhepherd fourty year;
ıd yet he is the juſt and very man,
hoſe goodſir and grandſir was Lairds of Erckleton;
'en though Horſliehill were to ſell at this time,
ıd William Elliot were he that ſhould it gain,
were but a ſuſpenſion he had underline,
ing truely deſcended from that ſelf ſame kind;
ıd though that his grandſir was a ſervant man,
r the want of means to the Laird of Hardin,
ıd he by his ſervice and good huſbandry,
ad purchaſed means might ſet Horſliehill free;
ıt being not to ſell, he purchas'd other lands,
Both that make out that he's not a gentleman?
he Elliots of the Yare they are of that ſame kind,
nd the Elliots of Selkirk they are of the ſame,

If James Elliot, late of Bridgeheugh, be a gentleman,
Then William Elliot of Bewlie muſt needs be one;
For their grandſirs were two brother-ſons,
Though in occupation there was difference,
The one a magiſtrat in Selkirk town,
The other kept the ſheep upon the Doun;
The one did live by polling of the poor,
Being magiſtrat was counted great honour;
The other was a ſhepherd's ſwain, and reliev'd the poor that came,
With bed and board, though but a ſervant man.
Sixty years ago I have both heard and ſeen,
And knew that Robert was the Laird of Hardin's man;
Yet he was the poors reliefs,
For he fed and clad them both with fleſh and fleece;
But for the magiſtrat few poor he did relieve,
He was ſtill ready to take, but never to give:
'Sir Baillie, if 't pleaſe your Worſhip,
Was the word of every one;
The other was Will or Hab,
Yet both from brethren came;
Their foreſaid marriages they are ſet down by me,
To be a truth I will affirm, and that they are no ly;
I have both eat and drunk, and merry with them been,
All of them except the firſt William,
Which my father knew, and that very well,
To be of the family of theſe of Horſliehill;
And ſince Horſliehill was thy fore-father's ſtile,
Bewlie it hath been the ſame for a pretty while:
And I ſtill do wiſh that ſtile do remain,
With thee and with thine, till the period of time:
Yet pardon my lines, though they be out of frame,
For I could never any write but the letters of my name;

And although that they be not pleaſant to the view,
Yet they are both honeſt, modeſt, chaſte, and true;
And though Jaſon fetch'd his golden fleece from Greece,
Thy fleece in Scotland it is many poors relief.

*Dedicated to the very honourable, and much reſpected generous Gentleman, the Laird of* Lariſton.

COULD my unpractis'd pen advance thy name,
Thou ſhould be mounted on the wings of fame,
Thy anceſtors they were of good renown,
They being all the lairds of Lariſton;
Into thy hands I do commit the ſum
Of Walter Elliot of Erckleton,
By Maxwel's rage out of their hands it got,
And was poſſeſs'd by Cunninghame and Scot;
Now Providence has brought it back again,
To the lineal heir of Elliot's kind;
For Walter Elliot he was Adam's ſon,
And Adam's goodſir was Laird of Erckleton;
Though they were ſuſpended for an age or twain,
The lands return'd to Elliot of Muckildine;
He is the Laird of Erckleton's brother,
And Janet Scot ſhe is Muckildine's mother,
A worthy wife ſhe of long time hath been,
And hath fill'd many poor and hungry womb;
She is my friend, therefore I do her ken,
She's daughter to John Scot, call'd of Rennalburn,
An honeſt gentleman, he was known well enough,
In Eſdail-muir, he was baillie to Buckcleugh,
Who was ſon to John Scot, an able lad,
Who then was called Jocky ill to had;
His father alſo he was called John,
He was natural ſon to Scot of Thirlſton,

He

He was natural brother in the while
To Thirlſton Newburgh and Bowhill,
Gilmanſcleugh, Hundelſhope, and Kirkhope,
Were all brethren to the ſaid John Scot;
Theſe ſeven brethren were ſtout valiant men,
They would not been afraid for other ten;
No more of Muckildine ſince Adam is deceaſt,
Who left them ſtore like Jaſon's golden fleece.

*Dedicated to the very worthy and valorous gentleman,* William *of* Dunlibire, *Eſquire.*

I Humbly now, according to my dream,
Preſent to you the young Laird of Erckleton,
From's goodſir and grandſir that land was reft and riven,
Before they purchas'd coyn to buy it back again;
And now 'tis their own, I wiſh they may't enjoy,
From Envy's canker, better than Helen did Troy;
That Trojan and that Greek that fought in Sama ſand,
Achilles gain'd the day, and did Hector command;
Troy's fruitful queen did many children bear,
So brave, heroick, and ſo ſtout a crew,
Who all in noble actions did accrue,
When age had made their parents bald and bare,
They made their dauntleſs courage to appear,
Amidſt the throngs of danger and debate,
But blood on blood their fury could not fate:
In former times the South may underſtand,
Many gallants loſed all their land,
Through blood and want of government,
Which to this time ſucceſſors may repent;
They were not like theſe Arcadians in Greece,
That rejoyc'd in Jaſon's golden fleece.

*Dedi*

*)edicated to that worthy and generous gentleman,* Robert Elliot Laird *of* Midliemill.

SIR, in my ſleep I was much troubled,
And dream'd of Henry Elliot of Harewood,
Mongſt many more that I thought I ſaw,
nd knowing he was your father in law,
'herefore my weak judgement thought it fit,
'hoſe lines to you that I ſhould dedicat;
nowing him to be a worthy man,
nd much honour'd by your generation;
'hough all in one you now joined be,
'et ye're a peer grew higher on the tree;
'or I believe there is ſo much odds,
'ew Elliots compared with the houſe of Stobs;
'or Heav'n's high hand where he doth pleaſe to bleſs,
Makes trees, or men, fruitful, or fruitleſs;
n ſundrie uſes trees do ſerve mens turn,
'o build, adorn, to feed, or elſe to burn;
'his is mens ſtate in all degrees like theirs,
ome are got to the top of honour's ſtairs,
ecurely ſleeping on opinion's pillow,
'et is as fruitleſs as the fruitleſs willow,
And fill up room, like worthleſs trees in woods,
Whoſe goodneſs conſiſts all in ill-got goods;
He like a cedar makes a goodly ſhow,
But now good fruit will from his greatneſs grow,
Jntill he die, and from his goods depart,
And then gives all away in the ſpight of his heart;
Then ſhall his friends with mourning cloaths be clad,
The inſide merry, and the outſide ſad;
He thinks his life angelical, becauſe
Among the angels he his time doth paſs;
And with his nobles he ordaineth laws,
That baſe extortion ſhall not be a crime;
He marks how kingdoms, provinces, and towns,
Are over-ruled by his curſed crowns,

But if he note his angels what to be,
Not heavenly, nor theſe from heaven that fell,
But they are in a third and worſe degree,
Damn'd ſenſleſs monſters, even that are of hell,
They cannot hear, feel, taſte, hear, or ſmell,
A thouſand times being told yet cannot tell;
They're lock'd and barr'd, and bolted up in thrall,
Which ſhews their nature not angelical;
Thy induſtrious loyalty doth daily tell,
Thou aims at honour and thou levels well,
And with your truſty ſervice ſhot compleat,
That in the end you ſhure will hit the whyte;
Thus thy induſtries doth let the world ken,
That Jaſon's golden fleece with thee ſhall ſtill remain.

*Dedicated to that worthy and well approved gentleman,* John Elliot, *brother to* Sir William Elliot *of* Stobs.

GOOD Sir, if fortune frown or ſmile, thou art content,
Thou bears a heart that is ſtill ready bent;
God is thy captain, thy defence and hold,
Through faith in him thou art ſtill armed bold;
To thank John Elliot I humbly thee deſire,
He dwells in Unthank, he's brother to Dunlibire:
When kind kiſſing Phoebus was gone to her reſt,
In a winter's night in a moſt furious blaſt,
I driving beaſts becauſe I wanted fodder,
I did aſſault his houſe into tempeſtuous weather;
For god Æolus blew, and Boreas did aſſiſt,
And Neptune's watery planets he broke in betwixt,
The ſnow being deep, the ſnow tempeſtuous ill,
I was five days in driving twenty mile;
In great diſtreſs into his houſe I came,
He with his wife made me kindly welcome,

With

With bed and board, good brandie and good ale,
Which might have ſerv'd the beſt in Tiviotdale.
I wiſh John Elliot never want ſuch fleeces,
Which yearly may bring in ten thouſand golden pieces.

*Dedicated to that much renowned generous gentleman,* William Elliot, *uncle to* Sir William Elliot *of* Stobs.

MOST worthy Sir, I hope I do no wrong,
In dedicating to you one of my ſhepherd's ſwains;
Take not a ſhepherd ſwain to be a vulgar name,
For kings and emperors have gloried in the ſame;
Therefore no ſhepherd ſwain my muſe ſhall e're deride,
And far leſs William Elliot the good Laird of Swoonſide,
Since thou art worthy and a lovely one,
Not like envy, all conſum'd to ſkin and bone.
Sir, I do declare what labour thou haſt ſpent,
Was neither to honour nor vertue's detriment;
And thrice worthy Sir, thy vertues do proclaim,
How honour's noble mark it is ſtill thy aim,
And when thou the head-ſtrong Taurus ſoon forſakes,
And to his ſummering progreſs thou haſte makes,
Then ſhall the earth's celeſtial light afford,
And in ſad darkneſs clad the ample globe;
Since I was born, when wit was out of town,
That's the reaſon that I have ſo little of my own;
Pardon me, I cannot write, and very little read,
Or elſe in thy worthy praiſe, I further would proceed;
As for Swoonſide, I wiſh his golden fleece
May ſhine as bright as Jaſon's did in Greece.

*Dedicated to that vertuous and well approven gentleman,* Mr Gavin Elliot, *uncle to* Sir William Elliot *of* Stobs.

MOST worthy Sir, according to my dream,
I ſpeak of ſhepherds, and of ſhepherd's ſwain;

Into

Into your gentle hands, Sir, I do commit,
John Elliot, the Laird of Thorilſhope;
And Sir, I do hope that ye'l not diſallow,
That I have been ſo bold as dedicat him to you;
For a man muſt more than human wit poſſeſs,
To eſcape the baits and ſnares of wickedneſs:
The artiſt of the ſcripture can diſpute the ſame,
That one would deem him a religious man;
Since that God gave life to herbs, and plants, and trees,
A beaſt hath ſenſe, and life, moves, feels, and ſees;
For if they wanted life, how could they then grow,
And in ſome ſort, do both good and evil know;
But man he is before all creatures in degrees,
God, life, ſenſe, and reaſon, he unto him gives;
And leaſt that theſe bleſſings ſhould be tranſitory,
He gave him life and ſenſe, reaſon, grace, and glory;
So I hope Thorilſhope ſhall keep his golden fleece,
As glorious as Jaſon did his in Greece.

*Dedicated to that worthy and compleat gentleman,* Robert Elliot *appearant of* Dunlibire.

MOST worthy Sir, I do upon the wings of fame,
Dedicat to you one of your worthy name,
John Elliot, he who's call'd a valiant lad,
He's brother to Henry Elliot of Harewood;
It was into my dream he did appear to me,
For I into the ale-houſe did him never ſee;
In Jaſon's golden fleece it's ſaid he doth abound,
And now he is of late a perſon much renown'd,
Therefore I him conſecrat to thee,
And with happineſs to you, and your poſterity,
Wiſhing to him when he his ſheep doth ſhear,
They may improve their fleece four times a year,

For

ır that man that hath ſtore of wool, and woolly fleeces,
ay when he pleaſe, have ſtore of gold and golden pieces.

*edicated to that valorous and compleat young gentleman,* Robert Elliot *appearant of* Lariſton.

IR, theſe lines unto your hand I ſend,
Wiſhing your worſhip will but them commend,
nd begs that you'l not be a gaſt,
ır nominating ſome firſt that ſhould be laſt;
herefore, good Sir, I hope you will pardon give,
nd oblige your humble ſervant while he lives;
his I lay open to your Worſhip's view,
ınd Simon Elliot of Tarras, I dedicat to you;
or ſummer-fruit it is pleaſant to eat,
ut winter it will a long time keep;
lthough the hills of Tarras they be black
'et in his golden fleece there is no lack;
lack moiſty fleeces when they are well ſcour'd,
Into the owners yield good, clear, and current gold.
'ure Spaniſh gold it's very fine,
ut of wool our merchants makes more gain;
Through Chriſtendom your woolly fleeces,
Are ſtill compar'd to golden pieces;
o he that is a ſhepherd's ſwain,
an be no leſs than a gentleman:
Monarchs and kings, royal majeſty,
Were ſhepherd's ſwains in Arcadie.

*Dedicated to the young and very hopeful gentleman,* Gilbert Elliot, *ſon to* Sir William Elliot *of* Stobs, *Knight Baronet.*

IF Homer's verſe in Greek did merit praiſe,
If Naſon in the Latin tongue wan bayes,
If Maro 'mongſt the Romans did excel,
f Taſſo in the Tuſcian tongue ſpoke well:

Sweet Sir, pardon him that's ſo much unperfect,
In Scots can ſcarcely read, and never could yet write;
If my poor ſhallow brain could but advance your name,
Ye ſhall be mounted high upon the wings of fame;
And if that my poor thoughts had ſtrength to enterprize,
I would advance your name as far as Titan's riſe,
And that ſhepherd ſwain that I do ſimulize,
Is Robert Elliot that dwells in the Dewſlies:
Be not offended at the name of ſhepherd ſwain,
For formerly that name was noblemen;
And as Jaſon fetcht his golden fleece from Greece,
I wiſh that Robert Elliot his fleeces may increaſe.

*Dedicated to the very honourable, and right worſhipful generous gentleman,* John Hoppringil, Laird *of* Torſonce.

IF the value of offerings are always to be equal to the grandeur of the perſons to whom they are repreſented, I ſhould not dare to make this bold addreſs; but the greatneſs of my devotion, that hath no other way to manifeſt itſelf at preſent, will, I hope, make a mends for the means of this, and perſuade your Worſhip to condeſcend to the acceptance of this poor expreſſion of my reſpects; if theſe treatiſes may be ſo happy, as to give unto your Worſhip ſome ſatisfaction and recreation in the peruſal of them, I ſhall attain unto the advantage, which is chiefly aimed at by this dedication,

Your Worſhip's moſt obedient, moſt humble
and faithful ſervant,
WALTER SCOT.

MOST worthy Sir, ye know this well by me,
That the love of brandie made my ſelf merrie,
For when the high born baſtard of the thundring Jove,
When mens inventions are of wit moſt hollow,
He with his ſprightful juice their ſpirits doth move,
To the harmonious muſick of Apollo,

And

ı a word, I would have all men know it,
ıſt drink brandy that means to be a poet;
land, or know no foreign tongue,
r tranſlations I do much admire,
rt, much pains, much ſtudy it doth require,
the leaſt regard ſhould be their hyre;
\dam was in Paradice firſt placed,
h the rule of mortal things was graced,
ſes, pinks, and fragrant gilly-flowers,
and deckt forth Eden's bleſſed bowers;
a dying life, and living death;
r ſhaddow, a bubble, and a breath,
bable, and a poultry toy,
reateſt patron is a blinded boy;
lon love, my judgement is unjuſt,
t I ſpeak of love, I mean'd of luſt;
e diſlikes the ſurplice and the cap,
lls them idle veſtments of the Pope;
iſtreſs Maud would go to church right fain,
t the corner cap makes her refrain;
adam Idle is offended deep,
eacher ſpeaks ſo loud ſhe cannot ſleep;
the devil ſowes contentions ſeed,
ſects, and ſchiſms, and hereſies do breed;
ovidence has given you wit in ſtore,
our worthy fathers did live you before.
I in a viſion did dream,
r and twenty ſhepherds I had ſeen,
John Andiſon was one;
rd ſwain that dwells in Thirleſton;
erſon, and one that is true,
efore I dedicat him to you;
e name of ſhepherd ye'l not deſpiſe it,
gs and princes hath it enterprized,

Beſides the learned poets of all times,
Have chanted out their praiſes in pleaſant rymes,
The harmleſs lives of rural ſhepherd ſwains,
And beauteous ſhepherdeſſes on the plains;
They have recorded moſt delightfully,
Their love, their fortune, and felicity;
And ſure if in this low terreſtrial round,
Plain honeſt happineſs is to be found,
It with the ſhepherd is remaining ſtill,
Becauſe they have leaſt power to do ill;
And whilſt they on the feeding flocks attend,
They have the leaſt occaſion to offend;
I wiſh God bleſs the ſhepherds and their fleeces,
And then I hope they'l ne're want golden pieces.

*Dedicated to the very honourable, and right worſhipful generous gen man,* John Riddel *of* Haining, *Sherif-principal of the Sherifdo Selkirk, and Provoſt of that Burgh-Royal.*

I Humbly wiſh peace, truth, and conſtancy,
Remain with you and your worthy family;
That ſailor gains renown that well does know,
To gain his point either at ebb or flow,
When Boreas' duſt doeth drive thee from the land,
Then Æolus' blaſts puts thee in Neptun's hand;
To wonder and admire is all one thing,
As ſynonymies the word betake;
But if a double meaning from them come,
For double ſenſe your judgement then muſt look;
As once a man all foul'd with dirt and myre,
Fell down and wondered not, but did admire;
To you whoſe ears, and eyes have heard and ſeen,
This little pamphlet, and can judge between,

hat which is good, tolerable, or ill,
lay be with artleſs nature wanting ſkill:
lave I writ ought that may your hearts content,
ly muſe hath then accompliſht her intent,
our favour can preſerve me, but your frown
ly poor inventions in oblivion drown;
Vith tolerable friendſhip let me crave,
ou will not ſeek to ſpill what you may ſave.
he Aſp that quakes with ſun,
le doth me much deride,
The Webſter and the Smith,
They ſhake their brainleſs head,
nd ſays, my education, or my ſtate,
oth make my verſe eſteem'd at lower rate;
o ſuch as thoſe, this anſwer I do ſend,
nd bid them mend before they diſcommend,
heir envy unto me will favours prove,
he hatred of fools breeds wiſe mens love;
ly muſe is jocund, that her labours merits
o be malign'd and ſcorn'd by envyous carriage.
his humbly I beg pardon of the beſt,
Which being granted, Sir, a reverence for the reſt;
Why ſhould they vex in their malicious brain,
or I have done no wrong to you nor them;
greedy wretch did on the ſcripture look,
ound it recorded in the ſacred book,
low ſuch a man with God ſhould ſure prevail,
Who clad the naked, and viſited them in joal,
nd there he found how he had long miſtaked,
nd oftentimes had made the cloathed naked;
n ſtead of viſiti g the oppreſt in moans,
le had conſum'd them to the very bones;
et one day he at leaſure would repent,
ut ſudden death repentance did prevent;

Then he was dead, and laid into his tomb,
In hopes repentance from purgatory come;
There lay the Stuart of the valiant ten,
Who, whilſt on life his beloved life remain'd;
Apollo's daughter, and the heirs of Jove,
The memorable bounty did approve;
His life was life to Statius, and his death,
Bereaved the muſes of celeſtial breath;
Had Phœbus fir'd him from the lofty ſkies,
That Phenix-like another might ariſe,
From out of his odoriferous ſacred embers,
His loved life the country ſtill remembers;
Amongſt a million there is hardly any,
That like yourſelf, ſo well can govern many.
Now I think well I will reveal,
My dream I muſt proclaim,
And dedicat unto your hands, my honeſt ſhepherd's ſwain,
That merrily upon the plain doth ſing with joking lees,
His ſhepherdeſs ſhe does not miſs to crown his head with bayes;
Love, bounty, valour, charity with ſhepherds did remain,
It's Kings and Emperors liberty to be a ſhepherd's ſwain,
In meadows green where flowers do ſpring,
There they do feed their flocks,
Sometimes on mountains and on hills,
Sometimes amongſt the rocks;
Their worthy generoſity to love is a ſtrong fort,
With triumph doth that trumpet ſound,
At the ſhepherd ſwain's port,
The beſt of men are ſhepherd ſwains,
As I before deſign'd,
The eaſtern-coaſts did brag and boaſt,
Of their brave ſhepherd's ſwain;

ge Currors then a ſhepherd ſwain,
: gains both corn and ſtore,
doth afford both bed and board,
much relieves the poor;
lart-wood-myres his barns and byres,
ſhepherds do remain,
flocks proceed, and ſwiftly feed
n the morning dew;
when bright Phœbus takes her coach,
y are in Haining's view,
hat ſhepherd's truth I cannot dyte enough,
now I'm run aſhore;
ſhepherds ſwains, their ewes and lambs,
ve ſpoken much before;
ugh Jaſon fetcht his fleece from Greece,
was call'd the golden ſwain,
rge Curror that dwells in Hart-wood-myres,
wool more guilt doth gain.

*icated to the learned and well approved generous gentleman,* Andrew
ummer, Laird *of* Middleſtead.

*Worthy Sir, Sedition and Commonwealth was intimated by two lobſters, rhting one with another; the land-lobſter is a great enemy to the ſer- nts and ſnakes; therefore the Egyptian prieſts did put it to ſignify a mperate man, who ſuppreſſeth his luſts and wicked affections, that are ie moſt dangerous ſerpents unto his ſoul.*

THIS pamphlet I ſend to your view,
Is to let your Worſhip ken,
known to be the firſt iſſue
ny dull idle brain;
known as yet, I could ne're write,
reading is but ſmall,
refuge, I flee to your hands,
iopes you'l warrand all;

Shepherds

Shepherds I thought were three times eight,
Appear'd into my dream,
Wherefore one to you I dedicat,
A civil honeſt man;
He in Analſhope doth dwell,
His name's Michael Andiſon;
That ſhepherd ſwain will no man wrong,
In religion he is ſtrong;
The fouleſt fiends aſſume the faireſt forms,
The faireſt fields doth feed the fouleſt toad,
The ſea at calmeſt moſt ſubject is to ſtorms,
In choiſeſt fruit the canker makes abode;
So in the ſhop of all believing truſt,
Lyes toads invenom'd treaſon couched faſt,
Till like a ſtorm his toothleſs thoughts outburſt,
Who canker-like had lyen in truſt's repoſe;
For as the fire within the flint's confin'd,
In deepeſt ocean ſtill unquench'd remains;
Even ſo the falſe, though trueſt ſeeming mind,
Deſpight of truth the treaſon ſtill retains,
Yet maugure treaſon, truth deſerveth truſt,
And truſt ſurvives when treaſon dies accurſt.
Since Michael Andiſon hath great ſtore of woolen fleece,
I wiſh they more abound than Jaſon's did in Greece.

*Dedicated to that valiant and generous gentleman,* James Gladſtains *that ilk,* Laird *of* Cocklaw.

MOST worthy Sir, I ſend into your view,
This little pamphlet, moſt of it is true;
According to my dream, I yet commend,
I know no fooliſh man can you offend;
Of four and twenty ſhepherds I did dream,
Whereof James Grieve in Commonſide was one,

An honeſt man you know it ſure,
And one that doth relieve the poor;
Your generous noble ſp'rit, as I do underſtand,
Emboldens me to dedicat him to your hand;
He that may hunt on every incloſed ground,
A park of's own he needeth not to found;
The ſtaitly ſtaig when he his horns hath ſhed,
In ſullen ſadneſs he deplores his loſs;
But when a wife cornuts her huſband's head,
His gains in horns he holds an extream croſs;
'The ſtaig of loſſing, doth his loſs complain,
'The man by gaining doth lament his gain:
Thus whether horns he either loſs or found,
They both the loſer and the winner wound.
Hunting is pleaſant, but yet weariſome,
To him that can no veniſon obtain;
Thou worthy ſwain chuſe in Diana's ſtream,
Amongſt the ſiſters nine, and pick out one of them,
Wit, courage, valour, ſtature, and ſtate,
Remain with thee, don't fear a horned pate:
Now, good James Grieve, I wiſh thy flocks increaſe,
That thou may chant and ſing, and ſtill keep Jaſon's fleece.

*Dedicated to the very worthy and much reſpected generous gentleman,*
Robert Langlands *of that Ilk.*

WHEN fond imaginary dreams do ring,
In formleſs forms in mens moleſted brain,
On ſuch a time, I ſleeping in my bed,
An unnaccuſtom'd dream came in my head;
I thought four and twenty to me came,
All gentlemen and ſhepherds ſwain,
Whereof James Grieve Lenup he was one,
Which I have dedicated unto your worſhip's hand;

You know him well to be an honeſt man,
And is a juſt and harmleſs ſhepherd ſwain;
His fleece doth clothe the naked, that there's none deny,
His food relieves the needy, as they paſs him by
The orphan, widow, and the indigent,
For bed and board from him have ſupplement
Theſe ſhepherd ſwains, as I do underſtand,
Relieves more poor, nor all the lairds of the land;
Their butter, cheeſe, their milk, their whey,
Their fleſh and wool, they part continually,
That I dare ſay, were there not ſuch men,
Five thouſand in the year would ſtarve and pine:
God bleſs their ſubſtance, that helps the poor folks meſſes,
And ſend them ſtore of wool to bring them golden pieces.

*Dedicated to the worthy and much reſpected gentleman,* Francis G
ſtains *of* Whitlaw.

MOST worthy Sir, do not diſdain,
That I my dream ſo oft explain;
Unto your hands I do it commit,
The iſſue of barren wit;
A great deal more from me might appear,
Within this ſeventy and two year,
But what is paſt I cannot now recall,
I hope ye'l think this makes amends for all:
I never was at ſchool, I cannot write,
Pardon my lines, though they be unperfyte;
The beſt of gallants indeed may controul,
A wiſe man will ever countenance a fool,
Although in wrong he will not bear him up,
Yet he will laugh at his fooliſh fate;
The four and twenty of my dream,
William Grieve of Common-ſide was one,

'hich I have dedicat to you;
e is an honeſt man and true;
worthy ſhepherd's ſwain, who lives upon his ſtore,
nd relieves the poor and needy, as I have ſaid before.
wiſh his golden fleece with him may ſtill remain,
'hile I fetch Jaſon's fleece from Greece into Scotland.

*edicated to the generous, and much reſpected gentleman,* Walter Scot *of* Burn-foot.

MOST worthy Sir, according to my dream,
Into this pamphlet remains to be ſeen,
hope your goodneſs will allow,
hat I dedicat Walter Grieve to you;
e is a true and honeſt man,
le's both your neighbour, and ſhepherd's ſwain;
ne dedication might have ſerv'd for all,
/hat I have ſaid before, to mention it again,
is a needleſs labour, and puts the writer to more pain;
wiſh ye mickle joy of all your golden pieces,
nd like to Walter Grieve, with increaſe of his fleeces.

*edicated to his worthy, and well reſpected good friend,* Francis Scot, *brother-german to the laird of* Burn-foot *in* Ail.

SIR, this pamphlet to your hands I ſend,
In hopes that ye will it commend;
or pens ye know I can uſe none,
can hardly read the catechiſm;
et four and twenty ſhepherds,
ſaw into my dream,
/hereof good Thomas Anderſon,
n Howfoord he was one;

Seeing

Seeing ye are a gentleman, and my friend,
I have dedicate him into your hand:
When Jupiter the ſon of Saturn
Had put his father to the flight,
The Empire of the world he did divide then,
Betwixt himſelf and his brother Neptune;
Neptune ſet Pluto for to dwell in Hell,
Amongſt the prieſts, where ſtill they do rebel;
The ſacred records they do demonſtrate,
The idols which the Iſraelites did proſtrate,
So do we find into the preſent time,
That there are prieſts of every kind,
Kings, prophets, prieſts, by all were ſhepherds ſwains,
And did attend all kind of ſheep,
Both weathers, ewes and lambs:
For Thomas Anderſon I wiſh his flocks may ſtill abound,
If Jaſon loſt his golden fleece, I'm ſure he has it found.

*Dedicated to the worſhipful and very much reſpected and generous gentleman,* Henry Forreſter *of* Stonegirthſide, *in the kingdom of* England, *juſtice of peace and coram in the ſaid kingdom, in the reign of King* Charles *the Second.*

COME, Pamphlet, take thy wings, flee from my hand,
Arrive in England, in the county of Cumberland,
There ſtands a houſe, and that a worthy one,
By Kerſup-foot in the eye of the ſun;
A ſtately building, all of plain hew'n ſtone,
All built within this year or twain,
All Cumberland, except caſtle and abbay,
Such another houſe in proſpect you'll not ſee;
Unto that Engliſh ſquire I dedicat
Honeſt John Robertſon, he was born in the Flat;
His father was an Engliſh man,
Francis Robſon kept good order,

There

There was no Engliſh compar'd with him,
Seven mile within the border;
Juſtice Forreſter an Engliſh Squire,
And John Robſon a Scot,
Yet it is ſcarce a mile betwixt,
Where they were born and got;
It's true John Robſon is
A comrade good enough,
And for houſe-keeping he excels,
He dwells in Cauterſcleugh,
White-bread and ſalt-beef,
Good mutton and old cheeſe,
As I was riding by,
He did my hunger eaſe,
He feaſted me in May, as I had been an Earl,
With capon and good lamb, brandie and good ale;
And for his father Francis,
I knew him well enough
To be a gentleman, ſtore-maſter
To Walter Earl of Buckcleugh:
I wiſh that Jaſon's fleece
With him may ſtill appear,
And that his flock would change
Their coats twelve times a year.

*Dedicated to that worthy and generous gentleman,* John Scot, *appearand of* Headſhaw.

I Thought four and twenty ſhepherds ſwain,
In my dream I did ſee,
Whereof I have dedicated one of them to thee;
John Grieve of Garwald a right honeſt one,
Which relieves the poor, and proves a Chriſtian man;

And with his ſmall ſubſtance he is well content,
Though in late times he prov'd a puritant.
I wiſh his fleeces be no worſe,
Than Jaſon's fleeces was in Greece.

*Dedicated to the Right Reverend, and truly pious, and vertuous gen rous gentleman,* Mr Richard Scot, *Parſon of* Aſkirk.

THESE lines, good Sir, I preſent to your hand,
Is a genealogy of the old family of Sinton,
Which your ſelf doth repreſent I know,
Except your nephew the Laird of Bonraw :
It is four hundred winters paſt in order,
Since that Buckcleugh was warden in the border ;
A ſon he had at that ſame tide,
Which was ſo lame could neither run nor ride,
The Laird wiſt not what to do with him,
For Border ſervice he was fit for none;
At his place cal'd Scotſtoun,
He did there remain,
Four ages, or he went to Mordiſtoun ;
And ſince he went, I can make appear,
It is more nor three hundred year :
John his lam'd ſon,
If my author ſpeak true,
He ſent him to St. Mungo's in Glaſgow,
Where he remain'd a ſcholar's time,
Then married a wife according to his mind,
And betwixt them two was procreat,
Both ſons and daughters of the name of Scot ;
What time his poſterity did there remain,
My author ſays, to the third generation ;
Yet from that ſtock there ſprung a man,
That was the Archbiſhop's chamberlain,

quick mettel'd little man,
or which they call'd him Wat the Ratten:
his worthy Ratten did begin,
Then Robert call'd Fern-year was Scotland's king;
The biſhop lov'd Wat well enough,
and recommended him to Buckcleugh,
His chamberlain he did continue ſtill,
and at the Burn-foot in Aill,
He built both kill and mill,
hen down the water he ſought with ſpeed,
nd married Head-ſhaw's daughter,
er name was Short Reid;
nd betwixt them two was procreat,
lead-ſhaw, Aſkirk, Sinton, and Glack;
eorge was the firſt did Sinton's ſweet knows flock,
He married Turnbul's daughter,
he knight of Falſhope;
Valter his ſon was call'd a pretty man,
He married with Scot the Laird of Haſſindean;
ohn, Walter's ſon, I have heard relation,
Iarried the Laird of Riddel's daughter,
nd died without ſucceſſion;
Valter ſucceeded his brother John,
nd married a daughter of the Laird of Johnſton;
hen George he was Walter's ſon,
He married Scot daughter to the Laird of Roberton;
his George was the very man
hat was father to Sinton, Whiteſlade, and Hardin,
or Walter he was George's ſon,
he elder brother of William of Hardin;
his Walter Scot ye's underſtand,
He married Cockburn daughter of Henderland,
nd betwixt them they got one only ſon,
he lady died when ſhe was young;

Their

Their ſon Walter did to Riddel ride,
And took the Laird's daughter to his bride;
His father Walter was not an old man,
He married another daughter of Riddel's then,
And left Sinton unto his ſon;
And then in Whiteſlade he ſat down,
Betwixt him and Margaret Riddel was procreat
Twelve bairns that was all married;
Robert of Whiteſlade was their firſt ſon,
And William of Huntly was his brother-german,
James of Satchels he was nieſt,
And Thomas of Whithaugh-bray made up the meſſe.
The eight daughters I'le let you ken,
The eldeſt was the Lady Black-Ormſton,
So was the Lady Langlands, and the Lady Toſtturnbul;
The Lady Ailmour ſhe was next,
And the good wife of the Fanaſh,
And the Lady Chapel Middelmiſs;
The youngeſt I have almoſt forgot,
She was firſt married to Philip of Kirk-up,
He was a brother to Robert of Thirleſton;
Then ſhe was married to Walter Scot of the Wall,
But to neither of them ſhe bore children;
Then Alexander Chiſholm of Park-hill did her gain,
And to him ſhe bore twelve or thirteen bairns.
Now my wearied muſe, thou haſt been long aſtray,
Theſe are the firſt Whiteſlade's poſterity;
Now to George Howcoat I muſt return,
He was young Walter of Sinton's ſon,
A brave houſe-keeper, a worthy man,
He married Adimſton, daughter to the Laird of Ednem;
Then Walter Scot was George Howcoat's ſon,
He married Douglaſs a daughter of Whittinghame,
And George his ſon a hopeful lad,
He married Gladſtains daughter to the Laird of Dode,

There was procreat betwixt theſe two,
Good Mr George Scot, the Laird of Bon-raw;
George of Bonraw married was
To Douglas a brother-daughter of Cavers,
And there is procreat betwixt them twa,
This preſent young Laird of Bon-raw:
Moſt Reverend Sir, I hope you'l pardon me,
For waiding ſo deep in your genealogie:
If any man think he can amend it,
Poor Wattie Scot ſhall never be offended.

MY noble friends, at you I aim,
And of myſelf I do complain,
To all bad vices I've been bent,
And yet there's ſmall amendement;
The Devil, the Fleſh, the World, doth me oppoſe,
And are my mighty and my mortal foes;
The devil and fleſh doth draw me ſtill,
The world on wheels run after with good will;
For that which I the world may juſtly call,
I mean the lower globe terreſtrial,
Is as the devil, and an whore doth pleaſe,
Drawn here and there, and every where with eaſe;
Theſe that their lives to vertue here do frame,
Are in the world, but yet not of the ſame;
Some ſuch there are, who neither fleſh nor devil,
Can willfully draw on to any evil;
But for the world, as it's the world you ſee,
It runs on wheels, and they the palfrey be;
Which emblem to the reader doth diſplay,
The devil, the fleſh, do run both ſwift away,
The ſhrewd inſnared world do follow faſt,
Till all into perdition's pit be caſt:

Let no man be offended, or think I do him wrong,
In comparing of the gentry unto a ſhepherd ſwain;
Many ages paſt a ſhepherd was of ſuch dignity,
That gentry he ſurpaſt and beſt nobility;
Cain and Abel brethren were in the firſt age of man,
The elder was a huſbander, the younger a ſhepherd ſwain;
The younger offer'd ſacrifice to pleaſe the High Majeſty,
The elder was a murderer, given to all villany;
Some ſhepherds paſt were kings at laſt,
So were never huſbandmen;
Generals, conquerors, and emperors,
They have been ſhepherds ſwains:
The renown of a ſhepherd ſwain
Doth reach unto the ſky,
The Charles-Wain ſignifies the ſame
To the mariners on the ſea;
When you have read and underſtood my mind,
I hope your wonted favours I ſhall find;
In ſpight of railing baſeneſs whoſe lewd tongues
Are Satan's inſtruments for ſlandrous wrongs;
A thouſand rim of paper it would not contain,
To juſtifie the worthy ſhepherd ſwain:
Much hath the Church our mother propagated,
By venerable fathers works tranſlated:
St Jerom, Gregory, Ambroſe, Auguſtine,
St Baſil, Beries, Cyprian, Conſtantine,
Euſebius, Epiphanius, and Origen,
Ignatius, and Lactantius, (reverend men)
Good Luther, Calvin, learned Zwinglius,
Melancton, Beza, Orcalampadus;
Theſe, and a world more that I can recite,
Their labours would have ſlept in endleſs night,
But that in paper they preſerv'd have been,
And inſtruct us to ſhun death, hell, and ſin.

How ſhould we know the change of monarchies,
The Aſſyrian and the Perſian empires,
Great Alexander's long ſmall laſting glory,
Or Rome's high Caeſar often changing ſtory;
How ſhould chronologies of kings be known,
Of either others countries or our own:
Shepherds have been prieſts, and ſhepherds have been kings,
And ſhepherds have been emperors, as my muſe ſings,
Which makes me to compare
The worthy name of Scot
To ſhepherds and to ſhepherds ſwain,
For they flocks and lands have got.
I would have none think theſe I call ſhepherd ſwain,
Is all the name of Scot, and that there's none but them,
There's forty eight that I have ſet apart,
All landed gentlemen that live upon their rent;
And for the ſhepherds ſwains, I have dedicate them,
Each one to a gentleman of that ſame name,
All landed gentlemen, that are infeft and ſeiz'd,
In five month in the year they pay the king his fee;
All beſides burgers in city and in town,
That number heretors of reſpect and renown:
And for the fourty eight that live upon their rent,
Unto the reader I'm minded to relate,
Becauſe I have not nominate them in fore-time,
Here rehearſe them in my following rime.
Sir Francis Scot of Mengertoun, he hath a good ſtate,
Although he be but young in years, he is knight baronet;
And John Scot of Sinton he is a pretty man,
He outſtrips in wiſdom any man I ken;
Headſhaw and Burnfoot into the water of Ale,
They are both gentlemen, they dwell in Tiviotdale;
Thappel's a gentleman, Lochthirlſton's another,
And Gladſwood he's the ſame old Gallowſhiels's brother;

The

The laird of Langſhaw him I have no mind to flee,
He is a gentleman, and is of kin to me;
The laird of Lochquharret he lives in good report,
So likewiſe doth the laird of good Hundelſhope;
The laird of Langhope is a very young man,
But the laird of Broad-meadows is both great and ſtrong;
Into Annandale three lairds of Scots there be,
Heuk, Bagra, and the laird of Gilliſbie;
In Eſdail-muir there does two lairds remain,
The laird of Johnſtoun and laird of Devingtoun:
I'm now for Tiviotdale, if the fates do pleaſe,
And not miſs the laird of the Mirrinies;
And the Laird of Harwood is a pretty man,
As is any in the ſouth of them that I do ken;
The laird of Glack he may not be omitted,
He ſold the lands of Gaudilands long ere he got it;
The laird of Alton-crafts I know him well enough,
The laſt lineal male branch that's ſprung of Buckcleugh;
The laird of Whitoch I do him well know,
He is repreſentative of the old family of Headſhaw;
The laird of Caudhouſe he is but a brood,
He is repreſentative to the old houſe of Howfoord;
Three lairds all Scots I muſt exprime,
Tandlaw, Gallalaw, and Clarilaw's their name;
The laird of Bonraw, a very young man,
The repreſentative of the old family of Sinton;
The laird of Newton he is a gentleman of note,
So is the laird of Alton on Tiviot's burnfoot;
The laird of Brierie-yard I cannot him refer,
Nor yet the laird of Winns, nor laird of Boonchaſter;
Scots-Tarbet and Ardroſs, they are lairds in the north,
But ſprung from the loins of Haining in the ſouth;
Bevely and Hallyards I had almoſt forgot,
They deſcended from Lawrence Scot Advocate;

The laird of Carnwath mill he is a gentleman,
And the repreſentative of the old houſe of Bonnitoun ;
There's another Bonnitoun into Weſt-Lothian,
But I believe he be of Clarkinton's kind ;
The laird of Deans-houſes he is a gentleman,
Deſcended from the houſe of Gaudilands ;
The laird of Chappel-know I need him not explain,
Through Tiviotdale he's known a gentleman;
The laird of Lies, if that ye wou'd him knaw ;
He is brother to the laird of Clarilaw ;
The laird of Clarklands is a gentleman indeed,
From his youth he has been a ſouldier bred ;
John Scot a quarter maſter, ſometime in command,
He married the heretrix of Clarklands ;
Betwixt them two was procreat
That French Scots ſouldier, call'd William Scot :
The laird of Lethen, and the laird of Vogrie,
From the South they have their pedegree.
Here's an hundred and ten heretors of credit and renown,
All gentlemen, beſides burgeſſes in towns,
And for every one of theſe five ſcore,
Of the worthy name of Scot there's above a hundred more,
Which the number of ten thouſand doth exceed,
In the forreſt and Tiviotdale on the ſouth ſide of Tweed,
All of one kindred into that country ſide ;
I mean not the ſpacious nation long and wide,
But from one root theſe worthy branches ſprang
Like Jacob's ſeed; when they to Egypt came :
I wiſh Apollo from great Etlas mountain
Aſſiſt them with his grace to fulfil their fountain ;
That virtue, love, and grace, amongſt them ever grow,
And that their fountain ſtill may overflow.
Like trees in wood, ſome great, ſome ſmall,
So is our heretors, yet gentlemen all ;

There's many moe that to me is not known,
For never a man to me a ſingle one has ſhown.
If I ſhould pick from burgh or ſtot,
Landed gentlemen of the name of Scot,
Although it unto me would be a cumber,
Yet I could have added fourty to the number;
An hundred heritors of one name,
The like in Scotland I've not ſeen.
When Walter Earl of Buckcleugh he did to Holland wain,
There went with him a hundred gentlemen of that name,
For beſides privat ſouldiers theſe did gang,
But friends and relations to attend his own perſon;
If he had been alive in the bygone troubleſome time,
He might have raiſed a thouſand, all of his own name;
And never a man been threatned by force,
But all voluntiers for foot and horſe;
My verſe is honeſt, true, ſeemly and mild,
My muſe ſhall wade through dirt and not be fil'd;
The ſun on loathſome dunghill ſhines as well,
As on fair flowers that have a fragrant ſmell;
The air, by which we live, doth every where
Breathe ſtill alike, upon the rich and poor;
The ſea bears many an old deſpiſed ſhip,
Yet on the ſea the beſt ſhip doth but float;
And earth allows to call his ſcatter'd brood,
Food, cloathes, and lodging, either good or bad;
Yet ſun, air, ſea, and earth, thinks it diſgrace,
For any bounty which they give the baſe;
Even ſo my muſe free from all foul intents,
Doth take example from the elements;
Yet will I not my ſenſe nor meaning mar,
With terms obſcure, nor phraſes fetcht from far,
Or will I any way equivocat,
With words ſophiſtical or intricat;

Sm

nall eloquence men muſt expect from me,
ſy ſchollarſhip will name things as they be;
may ſet out this little book indeed,
et cannot write, and little thing can read:
nd now I fear I have done wrong,
ı calling my friends ſhepherds ſwain,
› many ſorts of ſhepherds conſtantly do grow,
hat where there is no ſhepherds it is hard to know;
aſt but your eyes upon the man of Rome,
hat ſtiles himſelf the head of Chriſtendom,
hriſt's univerſal vicar and vicegerent,
ı whom fools think the truth is inherent,
hat he can ſouls to heaven or hell prefer,
nd being full of errors, cannot err;
lthough his withcraft a thouſand have imbrac'd,
et he'll be call'd the Lieutenant to Chriſt,
Vho by that falſe Conventicle of Trent,
lade laws that neither God nor good men meant,
ommanding worſhipping of ſtone and ſtocks,
f reliques, dead mens bones, and ſenſleſs blocks;
rom which adulterry, painted adulation,
len worſe than ſtock or block muſt ſeek ſalvation.
reat Julius Ceſar was ſo free and common,
nd call'd a huſband unto every woman;
roculus Emperor (the ſtory ays)
eflow'r'd an hundred maids in fifteen days:
' all be true that poets uſe to write,
lercules lay with fifty in one night;
Vhen Heliogabulus Rome's ſcepter ſway'd,
nd all the world his lawleſs laws obey'd,
le in his court caus'd ſtews be made,
Vhereas ( *cum privilegio* whores did trade,
le invit d two and twe ty of his friends,
nd kindly to each one a whore he lende;

To

To ſet whores free that then in bondage lay,
A mighty maſs of money he did pay;
He in one day gave to each whore in Rome
A ducat, a large and ill beſtowed ſum;
He made orations unto whores, and ſaid,
They were his ſouldiers, his defence and aid;
And in his ſpeech he ſhew'd his wits acute,
Of ſundry forms of bawdry to diſpute;
And after giving unto every whore,
For liſtening to his tale three ducats more;
With pardon unto all and liberty,
That would be whores within his monarchy,
And yearly penſions he freely gave,
To keep a regiment of whores moſt brave;
And oft he had, when he in progreſs went,
Of whores, bawds, pandreſſes, ſuch a rabblement,
Six hundred waggons, as hiſtories reports,
Attended only by thoſe brave conſorts:
This was a royal whore-maſter indeed,
A ſpecial benefactor in their need;
But none ſince Heliogabulus deceaſt,
I think the world with whores is ſo increaſt;
That if it had an Emperor as mad,
He might have twice ſo many as he had.
Here I leave whores and whore-maſters,
Unto the man of Rome;
And to the worthy ſhepherd ſwain,
I preſently return.
Becauſe I know, and preſently maintain,
That he that laboureth to be a worthy man,
May with a better conſcience ſleep in bed,
Than with the gout and gravel as I'm ſpeed,
Yet to keep my health from falling to decay,
When I am moſt tormented, I terrifie,

thouſand times it is more pains than dead,
m ſure it by antiquity hath ſtood,
nce the world's drowning univerſal flood;
hough my wits be like my purſe, but bare,
/ith poets I dare not compare,
et to dite verſe, provided that they be,
o better ſkill'd in ſcholarſhip than I,
And then come on as many as you will,
And for a wager, I'l verſe with them ſtill;
yſelf I liken to an untun'd vial,
r like a vial I'm in a caſe,
nd whoſo of my fortune makes a trial,
all like to me be ſtrung and tuned baſe;
nd treble troubles he ſhall never want:
ut here's the period of my miſchiefs all,
hough baſe and treble fortune did me grant,
nd means, but yet alas it is too ſcant;
et to make up the muſick, I'le venture a fall,
o the tenor in the Carſet town-hall:
poet rightly may be termed fit
n abſtract or epitome of wit,
r like a lute, that other pleaſures breed,
re ſweet and ſtrong their curious eyes to feed,
hat ſcornfully diſtaſte it, yet it's known,
makes the hearers ſport, but it ſelf none:
poet's like a taper burnt by night,
hat waſtes itſelf in giving others light;
poet's the moſt fool beneath the ſkyes,
le ſpends his wit in making others wiſe;
Vho, when they ſhould their thankfulneſs return,
hey pay him with diſdain, contempt and ſcorn,
n independant is like a poet's purſe;
or both do hate the croſs, what croſs is worſe?

His holy hymns, and pſalms for conſolation,
For reprehenſion, and for contemplation;
And finally to ſhow us our ſalvation,
The prophet Amos, unto whom the Lord
Reveal'd the ſacred ſecrets of his word,
God rais'd him from the ſheep-folds to foretell,
What plagues ſhall fall in ſinful Iſrael;
True patience, pattern prince of his afflictions,
Moſt mighty tamer of his imperfections,
Whoſe guard was God, whoſe guid's the Holy Ghoſt,
Bleſt in his wealth, of whom ſheep was the moſt;
Juſt Job's laſt riches doubled was again,
Who liv'd belov'd of God, admir'd of men:
The firſt of happy tidings on the earth,
Of our all only bleſſed Saviour's birth;
The glorious angels to the ſhepherds told,
As Luke the Evangeliſt doth unfold.
And, ſhould my verſe a little but decline,
To human ſtories, and leave divine;
There are ſome mighty princes I can name,
Whoſe breeding at the firſt from ſhepherds came;
Rome's founder Romulus was bred and fed
'Mongſt ſhepherds, where his youthful days he led;
The Perſian monarch Cyrus he did paſs
His youth with ſhepherds, and a ſhepherd was;
The terror of the world, that famous man,
Who conquer'd kings, and over kingdoms ran,
His ſtile was, as ſome hiſtories do repeat,
The Scythian ſhepherd, Tamerlane the Great;
'Tis ſuch a title of preheminence,
Of reverence, and ſuch high magnificence;
That David who ſo well his words did frame,
Did call our great Creator by that name;

Our bleſt Redeemer, God's eternal ſon,
Whoſe only merits our ſalvation won,
He did the harmleſs name of ſhepherd take.
Apollo father of the ſiſters nine,
I crave thee, and inſpire this muſe of mine;
Thou that thy golden glory didſt lay by,
As Ovid doth relate moſt wittily,
And in a ſhepherd's ſhape didſt deſign to keep,
Thy love's beloved Adamus ſheep;
And rural Pan thy help I do intreat,
That to the life thy praiſe I may repeat;
Of the contented life, and mighty ſtocks,
Are happy ſhepherds, and their harmleſs flocks;
But better thoughts my errours do controul,
For an offence moſt negligent and foul,
In this involving like an heathen man;
Help helpleſs from Apollo, or from Pan;
When as the ſubject which I have in hand,
Is almoſt infinit, as ſtars, or ſand;
Grac'd with antiquity upon record,
In the eternal never-failing word;
There 'tis ingraven, true and manifeſt,
That ſheep and ſhepherds were both beſt and bleſt;
I therefore invocat his gracious aid,
Of him whoſe mighty hand hath all things made;
I Iſrael's Great Shepherd humbly crave,
That his aſſur'd aſſiſtance I may have;
That my unlearned muſe no verſe compile,
Which may be impious, prophane, or vile;
And though, through ignorance or negligence,
My poor intention fall into offence,
I do implore that boundleſs grace of his,
Not ſtrictly to regard what is amiſs;

But

But unto me belongeth all the blame,
And all the glory be unto his name;
Yet as my book is verſe, ſo men may know,
I might ſome fictions and alluſions ſhow:
Some ſhreds or remnants, reliques, or ſome ſcrapes,
The muſes may inſpire me with perhaps,
Which taken literally, as't lyes may ſeem,
And ſo miſ-underſtanding may miſdeem.
Of ſheep therefore before to work I fall,
To ſhow the ſhepherds firſt original;
Theſe that the beſt records will read and mark,
Shall find juſt Abel was a patriarch,
Our father Adam's ſecond ſon a prince,
As great as any man begotten ſince;
And in his function he a ſhepherd was,
And ſo his mortal pilgrimage did paſs;
And in the ſacred text it is compil'd,
That he that's Father of the Faithful ſtil'd,
Did as a ſhepherd live upon th' increaſe
Of ſheep, until his days on earth did ceaſe;
And in theſe times it was apparent then,
Abram and Abel both were noble-men;
The one obtain'd the title righteouſly,
For his unfeigned ſerving the moſt high;
He firſt did offer ſheep, which on record,
Was ſacrifice accepted of the Lord;
He was, before the infant world was rype,
The church's figure, and our Saviour's type;
A murdered martyr, who, for ſerving God,
Did firſt of all feel perſecution's rod;
And Abram was in account ſo great,
Abimelech his friendſhip did intreat,
Faith's patern, and obedience ſample he,
Like ſtars, or ſand, was in proſperity,

In him the nations of the earth were bleſt,
And now his boſom figures heavenly reſt;
His ſheep almoſt paſt numbring multiplied,
And when as he thought Iſaac ſhould have died,
Then by the Almightie's mercies, love, and grace,
A ſheep from out the buſh ſupplied the place;
Lot was a ſhepherd, Abram's brother ſon,
And ſuch great favour from his God he won,
That Sodom could not be conſum'd with fire,
Till he and his did out of it retire;
They felt no vengeance for their foul offence,
Till righteous Lot was quite departed hence;
And Jacob, as the Holy Ghoſt doth tell,
Who afterward was called Iſrael,
Who wreſtled with his God, and to his fame
Obtain'd a name, and bleſſing for the ſame;
He under Laban was a ſhepherd long,
And ſuffer'd from him much ungrateful wrong;
For Rachel and Leah he did bear,
The yoke of ſervitude full twenty year:
He was a patriarch, a prince of might,
Whoſe wealth in ſheep was almoſt infinite;
His twice ſix ſons, as holy writ deſcribes,
Who were the famous fathers of twelve tribes,
Were for the moſt part ſhepherds, and ſuch men,
Whoſe like the world ſhall ne're contain again;
Young Joſeph 'mongſt the reſt eſpecially,
A conſtant mirror of true chaſtity,
Who was in his afflictions of behaviour
A mortal type of his immortal Saviour,
And truth his Mother Rachel doth expreſs,
To be her Father Laban's Shepherdeſs.
Meek Moſes whom the Lord of Hoſts did call,
To lead his people out of Ægypt's thrall,

Whoſe power was ſo much as none before,
Or ſince his time hath any man's been more;
Within the ſacred text it plainly appears,
That he was Jethro's ſhepherd twenty years;
Heroick David, Jeſſe's youngeſt ſon,
Whoſe acts immortal memory hath won;
Whoſe valiant vigour did in pieces tear
A furious lyon, and a ravenous bear,
Who arm'd with faith, and fortitude alone,
Slew great Goliah with a ſlinging ſtone;
Whoſe victories the people ſang moſt plain,
Saul hath a thouſand, he ten thouſand ſlain,
He from the ſheep-fold came to be a King,
Whoſe fame for ever through the world ſhall ring;
He was another type of that Moſt High,
That was, and is, and evermore ſhall be,
For our protection and his mercies ſake.
Thoſe that will read the ſacred text, and look
With diligence throughout that heavenly book,
Shall find the Miniſters have epithets,
And named angels, ſtewards, watch-men, lights,
All builders, huſbandmen, and ſtars that ſhine,
Inflamed with the light that is divine;
And with theſe names within that book compil'd,
They with the ſtile of ſhepherds are inſtil'd;
Thus God the ſeer and ſon the ſcriptures call,
Both ſhepherds myſtical and literal;
And by ſimilitudes comparing, do
All kings and church-men bear that title too.
Wiſe and unſcruteable, omniſcient,
Eternal, gracious, and omnipotent,
In love, in juſtice, mercy, and in might,
In honour, power, and glory infinite,
In works, in words, in every attribute;
Almighty, all commanding, abſolute,

For whoſo notes the letters of the name,
Jehovah, ſhall perceive within the ſame;
The vowels of all tongues included be,
So hath no name, that e'er was named but He.
And I have heard ſome ſcholars make relation,
That H is but a breathing aſpiration,
A letter that may be left out and ſpared;
Whereby is clearly to our ſight declared,
That great Jehovah may be written true,
With only vowels, a, e, i, o, u.
And that there is no word but this,
That hath them alone, but only this;
So that the heaven, with all the mighty hoſt
Of creatures there, earth, ſea, or any coaſt,
Or climat, any fiſh, or fowl, or beaſt,
Or any of his works, the moſt and leaſt,
Or thoughts, or words, or writing with the pen,
Or deeds that are accompliſhed by men,
But have ſome of theſe letters in them all,
And God alone hath all in general:
By which we ſee according to his will,
He is in all things, and does all things fill;
And all things ſaid or done he hath ordain'd,
Some part of his great name's therein contain'd;
All future, preſent, and all paſt things, ſeeing;
In him we live, and move, and have our being;
Almighty, all, and all in every where,
Eternal, in whom change cannot appear;
Immortal, who made all things mortal elſe,
Omnipotent, whoſe power all power excels;
United three in one, and one in three,
Jehovah, unto whom all glory be.
Beſides the learned poets of all times,
Have chanted out their praiſes in pleaſant rhimes,

The harmleſs lives of rural ſhepherd ſwains,
And beauteous ſhepherdeſſes on the plains,
In odes, in roundelays, and madrigals,
In ſonnets, and in well penn'd poſt'rals,
They have recorded moſt delightfully
Their loves, their fortunes, and felicity;
And ſure if in this low terreſtrial round,
Plain honeſt happineſs is to be found,
It with the ſhepherds is remaining ſtill,
Becauſe they have leaſt power to do ill;
And whilſt they on their feeding flocks attend,
They have the leaſt occaſions to offend;
Ambition, pomp, and hell-begotten pride,
And damned adulation they deride,
The complemental-flatt'ry of kings courts
Is never intermix'd amids their ſports;
They ſeldom envy at each others ſtate,
Their love and fear is God's, the Devil's their hate;
In weighty buſineſs they not mar, or make,
And curſed bribes they neither give nor take;
They are not guilty as ſome great men are,
To undo their merchant and embroiderer;
Nor is't a ſhepherd's trade by night or day,
To ſwear themſelves, and never pay;
He's no ſtate-plotting Matchivilian,
Or project-monger Monopolitan;
He hath no tricks or wiles to circumvent,
Nor fears he when there comes a parliament;
He never wears cap, nor bends his knee,
To feed contention with an advocate's fee;
He wants the art to cog, cheat, ſwear and ly,
Nor fears the gallows, nor the pillory,
Nor cares he if great men be fools or wiſe,
If honour fall, and baſe diſhonour riſe;

ortune's mounted minions ſink or ſwim,
ıever breaks his brains, all's one to him:
free from fearful curſes of the poor,
lives and dies content with leſs or more.
loth not waſte the time as many uſe,
good Creator's creatures to abuſe,
inking ſuch ungodly healths to ſome,
verieſt canker-worms in Chriſtendom;
Lord Ambition, and my Lady Pride,
with this quaffing not be magnified,
for their ſakes ſhall he carouſe and feaſt,
l from man he turn worſe than a beaſt;
reby he 'ſcapes vain oaths and blaſphemy,
ſurfeits fruits of drunken gluttony;
ſcapes occaſion unto luſt's pretence,
ſo eſcapes the pox by conſequence;
s doth he hate the parator and proctor,
apothecary, chirurgeon and doctor,
reby he this prerogative may have,
ıold while he be laid into his grave;
lſt many that his betters far have been,
very hardly hold the laying in:
k, blanket, terkit, tarrier-like, call'd Crouſe,
l breed no jars into the Parliament-houſe.
s ſhepherds live, and thus they end their lives,
rn'd and grac'd with theſe prerogatives,
when he dies, he leaves no wrangling heirs,
aw, till all be ſpent, and nothing theirs,
e and tranquility was all his life,
dead, his goods ſhall breed no cauſe of ſtrife.
s ſhepherds have no places, means of times,
all into theſe hell-deſerving crimes,
ch courtiers, lawyers, tradeſmen, men of arms,
mit unto their ſouls and bodies harms.

And from the ſhepherds now I turn my ſtile,
To ſundry ſort of ſheep another while;
The lambs that in the Jew's paſſover died,
Were figures of the Lamb that's crucified;
And Eſay doth compare our heavenly food
To a ſheep, which dumb before the ſhearer ſtood,
Whoſe death and merits did this title win,
The Lamb of God, which freed the world from ſin;
The anagram of Lamb is blame and blame,
And Chriſt the Lamb upon him took our blame;
His precious blood God's heavy wrath did calm,
'Twas the only balme for ſin to cure the ſame;
All power and praiſe and glory be therefore
Aſcribed to the Lamb for evermore:
And in the fourſcore pſalm we read,
That like a ſheep our God doth Joſeph lead;
Again of us he ſuch account doth keep,
That of his paſture we are called ſheep;
And every day we do confeſs almoſt,
That we have err'd and ſtray'd like ſheep that's loſt;
Our Saviour that hath bought our ſouls ſo dear,
Hath ſaid, his ſheep his voice will only hear;
And thrice did Chriſt unto St Peter call,
In which he ſpake to his diſciples all,
If ye do love me, feed my ſheep, (quoth he)
And feed my lambs, if ye love me;
Moreover, in the final judgement day,
There is the right hand, and the left hand way,
Whereas the ſheep he to himſelf doth gather,
With ſaying, Come, ye bleſſed of my father, &c.
And to the goats in his conſuming ire,
He bids depart to everlaſting fire.
Thus our Redeemer and his whole elect,
The name of ſheep had ever in reſpect,

nd the compariſon holds reference,
o profit, and to harmleſs innocence ;
or of all beaſts that ever were or are,
one can for goodneſs with a ſheep compare ;
ndeed for bone and burden I muſt grant,
e's much inferiour to the elephant ;
he dromedary, camel, horſe, and aſs,
or load and carriage doth the ſheep ſurpaſs ;
trong Taurus, Eunuch's ſon, the labouring ox,
he ſtately ſtaig, the bobtail'd crafty fox ;
heſe, and all rav'nous beaſts of prey muſt yield,
nto the ſheep the honour of the field ;
could recount the names of many more,
he lyon, unicorn, the bear, and boar,
he wolf, the tyger, the renoſcerat,
he leopard, and a number more I wot ;
ut all theſe greedy beaſts great Ovid's pen,
alls metamorphos'd into men :
or beaſt to beaſt afford more conſcience can,
nd much leſs cruelty than man to man ;
le therefore let ſuch beaſts be as they be,
or fear they kick and ſnarl at me.
nto the ſheep again my muſe doth flee,
or honeſt ſafety and commoditie,
e with his fleſh and fleece doth cleed and feed,
ll languages and nations, good and bad.
hat can it more than die, that we may live,
nd ev'ry year to us a liv'ry give ?
is ſuch a bounty, and the charge ſo deep,
hat nothing can defray the charge but ſheep ;
or, ſhould the world want ſheep but five whole year,
en thouſand millions would want cloaths to wear :
nd wer't not for the fleſh of this kind beaſt,
he world might faſt when it doth often feaſt ;

There's

There's nothing doth unto a ſheep pertain,
But 'tis for man's commodity and gain;
For men to men ſo much untruſty are,
To lie, to couzin, to forſwear and ſwear,
That oaths, and paſſing words, and joining hands,
Is like aſſurance written in the ſands;
To make men keep their words, and in end this
The ſilly ſheep-ſkin turn'd to parchment is;
There's many a wealthy man whoſe whole eſtate
Lyes more in parchment than in coin or plate,
Indentures, leaſes, evidences, wills,
Bonds, contracts, records, obligations, bills,
With theſe, although the ſheep-ſkin be but weak,
It binds men ſtrongly that they dare not break:
But if a man eats ſpiders now and then,
The oil of parchment cures him oft again,
And what rare ſtuffs which in the world are fram'd
Can be in value like to parchment nam'd?
The richeſt cloath of gold that can be found,
A yard of it was ne're worth five hundred pound;
And I have ſeen two foot of ſheep-ſkin dreſt,
Which have been worth ten thouſand pound at leaſt;
A piece of parchment well with ink laid over,
Helps many gallant to a ſtarving power;
Into the merchant it ſome faith doth ſtrick,
It gives the ſilkman hope of no diſlike;
The taylor it with charity affails,
It thruſts him laſt betwixt his bill and vails;
And by theſe means a piece of parchment can
Patch up and make a gull a gentleman:
The nature of it very ſtrange I find,
It's much like phyſick it can looſe and bind;
It's one man's freedom and another's loſs,
And like the Pope it doth both bind and looſe;

And as the ram and ewe doth fructifie,
And ev'ry year a lamb doth multiply,
So doth a ſheep-ſkin bound make money breed,
And procreat, as ſeed doth ſpring from ſeed.
Thus is a ſheep-ſkin prov'd the only ſy,
And ſtay whereon a world of men rely,
' Which holds a crew of earth-worms in more aw,
' Than both the tables of the ſacred law:
Paſt number I could functions name,
Who as it's parchment live upon the ſame;
But it's ſufficient this ſmall homely touch;
Should more be writ, my book would ſwell too much.
Now for the ram, the ewe, the lamb and weather,
I'le touch their ſkins as they are touch'd to leather;
And made in purſes, pouches, laces, ſtrings,
Gloves, points, books, covers, and ten thouſand things;
And many tradeſmen live and thrive thereby,
Which if I would I more could amplify;
Their guts ſerve inſtruments, which ſweetly ſound,
Their dung is beſt to make moſt fruitful ground,
Their hoofs burnt will moſt venomous ſerpents kill,
Their grated horns are good for poiſon ſtill,
Their milk makes cheeſe that has no fellow,
The beſt that's made in Etrick or in Yarow;
Their feet for the healthy or the ſick,
Dreſt as they ſhould be, are good meat to pick;
The cook and butcher with the joints do gain,
And poor folks eat the gedder, head, and brain;
And though all wiſe mens judgements will allow,
A ſheep to be much leſſer than a cow.
Now for the honour of the valiant ram,
If I were learn'd more treble than I am,
Yet could I not ſufficiently expreſs,
His wondrous worth and excellent worthineſs;

For by aſtronomers it is verified,
How that the Ram in heav'n is ſtyllified,
And of the twelve is plac'd head ſign of all,
Where Sols keep firſt his equinoctial;
For having with the Bull drunk April ſhowers,
And with the Twins doth deck the earth with flowers,
And ſcorch't the Crab in June with burning beams,
Made July's Lyon chaff with fiery gleams,
In Auguſt ſolace to the Virgin given,
With Balance in September made time even,
October Scorpion with declining courſe,
And paſſing by December's Archers force;
Then having paſt November's frozen gate,
He next to Janus wat'ry ſign doth float,
He to the Lentil ſign in February,
And ſo bright Phœbus ends his year's figarie;
Then to the Ram in March in his carrier,
He mounts, on which this ſonnet's written here.
Now chearful Sol in his illuſtrious car,
To glade the earth his journey 'gins to take,
And now his glorious beams he doth unbar,
While's abſence marr'd, his preſence now doth make;
Now he earths weeping 'gins to dry,
With Eolus breath and his bright heavenly heat,
March-duſt like clouds through air doth march and fly,
And ſeeming trees, and plants now life doth get;
Thus when the world's eye-dazler takes his time,
At the celeſtial Ram then winter's done,
And then dame nature doth her livery ſpin,
Of flowers and fruits, which all the earth puts on;
Thus when Apollo doth to Aries come,
The earth is freed from winter's martyrdom.
Thus have I prov'd the Ram a lucky ſign,
Wherein ſun, earth, and heaven, and air combine,

o have their univerſal comfort harl'd,
pon the time of our decaying world;
'ith twelve ſigns each man's body is govern'd,
nd Aries of the Ram doth rule the head;
hen are the judgements fooliſh, fond and baſe,
hat take the name of ram-head in diſgrace;
'is honour for the head to have the name,
erived from the ram that rules the ſame;
And that the ram doth rule the head I know,
For ev'ry almanack the ſame doth ſhow.
From whence ſuch men may gather this relief,
hat though a ram-head may be cauſe of grief;
:t nature hath this remedy found out,
ıey ſhould have lyons hearts to bear it out;
ıd to defend and keep the head from harm,
ıe anagram of ram I find is arm;
ıus is a ram-head arm'd againſt all fear;
e needs no helmet, nor no head-piece wear;
› ſpeak more in the plural number rams,
yields ſignifick war-like anagrams;
ıe ram is Mars, Mars is the god of war;
ıd ram is arms, arms war's munitions are;
ıd from the fierce encounters which they make,
ır tilts and turneys did beginning take;
r as the rams retire, and meet with rage,
men do in their warlike equipage;
ıd long ere pouder from hell's damn'd den,
as monſtrouſly produced to murder men,
ıe ram, an engine call'd a ram did teach,
› batter down a wall, or make a breach;
ıd now ſome places of defence 'gainſt ſhot,
ave from the ram the name of rampiers got;
:ſt warlike trumpets that I e're heard nam'd,
Jericho were all of ram-horns fram'd,

For

For at the ram-horns trumpets fearful blaſt,
Their curled walls were ſuddenly down caſt:
Thus is the ram with many vertues ſtor'd,
And was in Ægypt for a god ador'd;
And like a captain he the flock doth lead,
As fits their general, their prince, and head.
Thus have I prov'd a ſheep a beaſt of price,
Clean and reputed, fit for ſacrifice;
And ſleeping, waking, early, or elſe late,
It ſtill doth chew the cud and ruminat:
Of all beaſts in the world's circumference,
For meekneſs, profit, and for innocence,
I have approv'd a ſheep moſt excellent,
That with leaſt coſt doth give moſt content;
There's ſuch inſtinct of nature in the lamb,
By bleating it 'mongſt thouſands knows the dame,
For which the name of agnoſcendo knowing,
Is given to a lamb it's knowledge ſhowing.
And now from ſolid proſe I will abſtain,
To pleaſant poetry, and mirth again;
The fables of the golden fleece began,
Becauſe ſheep wool yields ſtore of gold to men;
For he that hath great ſtore of wooly fleeces,
May when he pleaſe have ſtore of golden pieces:
Thus many a poor man dying hath left a ſon,
That hath transform'd the fleece to gold like Jaſon.
And here's a myſtery profound and deep,
There's ſundry ſorts of mutton are no ſheep;
Lac'd mutton, which let out themſelves to hyre
Like hackneys, will be fir'd before they tyre;
The man or men which for ſuch mutton hunger
Are by their corporations mutton-mongers,
Which is a brother-hood too large and great,
That if they had a hall, I would intreat

To be their clerk, or keeper of accounts,
To ſhew them unto what their charge amounts.
My brain in numbring then would grow ſo quick,
I ſhould be maſter of arithmetic;
All ſtates, degrees, and trades, both bad and good,
Afford ſome members of this brother-hood;
Great therefore, then, muſt be their multitude,
When every man may to the trade intrude.
It is no freedom, yet theſe men are free;
No ſavers, but moſt liberal ſpenders be;
For this is one thing that doth them bewitch,
That by their trading they wax ſeldom rich;
The value of this mutton ſo ſet forth,
The fleſh doth coſt more than the broth is worth;
They all are ews, yet are exceeding ramiſh,
And will be dainty fed, who ever famiſh;
Nor are they marked for any man, or no man,
As mine, or thine, but every man is common;
Fine heads, and necks, and breaſts they yield ſome ſtore,
But ſcarcely one good liver in nineſcore;
The liver being bad, it's underſtood,
The veins are fill'd with putrified blood,
Which makes them ſubject to the ſcab, and then
They prove moſt dangerous diets unto men;
And then the proverb proves no ly or mock,
One ſcabbed ſheep's enough to ſpoil a flock.
But yet, for all this, there's many a gull,
Loves mutton well, dips not his bread i'th' wool;
And were a man put to his choice to keep,
'Tis ſaid a ſhrew is better than a ſheep;
But if a man be yoked with ſuch an ewe,
She may be both a ſcabbed ſheep and ſhrew;
And he that is ſo mach't, his life may well
Be compared unto an earthly hell.

But of my theam which I wrote of before,
I at this mutton muſt have one cut more;
Theſe kind of ſheep have all the world o'ergrown,
And ſeldom do wear fleeces of their own;
For they from ſundry men their pellets can pull,
Whereby they keep themſelves as warm as wool;
Beſides in colours, and in ſhapes they wear,
Quite from all profitable ſheep contrair;
White, black, green, tawny, purple, red, and blue,
Beyond the rain-bow, for the change of hew;
Came ſoon like an alteration,
But that bare air they cannot live upon;
The moon's mutation not more manifold,
Silk, velvet, tiſſue, cloath, and cloath of gold.
Theſe are the ſheep that golden fleeces wear,
Who rob themſelves with others wool or hair;
And it may be 'twas ſuch a beaſt and fleece,
Which Jaſon brought from Colchos into Greece;
Were it no more but ſo I dare be bold
To think the land doth many Jaſon's hold,
Who never durſt to paſs a dangerous wave,
Yet may with eaſe ſuch golden fleeces have.
Too much of one thing is good for nothing, they ſay,
I'le therefore take this needleſs diſh away;
For ſhould I too much of lac'd mutton write,
I may overcome my reader's ſtomach quite;
Once more unto the good ſheep I'le retire,
And ſo my book ſhall to it's end expire;
Although it be not found in antient writers,
I find all mutton-eaters are ſheep-biters;
And in ſome places, I have heard and ſeen,
That curriſh ſheep-biters they have hanged been;
'If any kind of tyke ſhould ſnarle or whinne,
'Or bite or worry this poor ſheep of mine,

Why? Let them bark, or bite, and ſpend their breath,
I'le never wiſh them a ſheep-biter's death;
My ſheep ſhould have them know their innocence,
hall live in ſpight of their malevolence;
wiſh they keep themſelves and me from pain,
nd bite ſuch ſheep, as cannot bite again;
or if they ſnap at mine, I have a tongue,
hat like a truſty dog ſhall bite again:
nd in concluſion, this I humbly crave,
hat every one the honeſty may have,
hat when our frail mortality is paſt,
e may be the good ſhepherd's ſheep at laſt.
hen all things were as wrapt in ſable night,
nd ebeon'd darkneſs muffled up the night,
hen neither ſun, nor moon, nor ſtars had ſhin'd,
nd when no fire, no water, earth nor wind,
o harveſt, autumn, winter, nor no ſpring,
o bird, beaſt, fiſh, nor any creeping thing,
hen there was neither time, nor place, nor ſpace,
nd ſilence did the Chaos round embrace;
hen did the Arch-work-maſter of us all,
reat this maſſie univerſal ball,
nd with his mighty word brought all to paſs,
aying, but Let there be, and done it was;
et there be day, night, water, earth, herbs, trees,
et there be ſun, moon, ſtars, fiſh, fowl that flies,
aſt of the field; he ſaid, let there be;
ll things were created, as we may ſee.
hus every ſenſible and ſenſleſs thing,
he high Creator's word to paſs did bring;
nd as in viewing of his works he ſtood,
e ſaid, that all things were exceeding good:
hus having finiſh'd ſeas, and earth, and ſkyes,
bundantly with all varieties,

Like a magnificent and ſumptuous feaſt,
To th' intertainment of ſome welcome gueſt,
When beaſts, and birds, and every living creature,
And the earth's fruits did multiply by nature;
Then did the Eternal Trinity betake
Itſelf to council, and ſaid, Let us make,
Not let there be, as unto all things elſe;
But let us make man that the reſt excells;
According to our image, let us make
Man; and then the Almighty red earth did take,
With which he formed Adam every limb,
And having made him, breathed life in him.
Lo thus the firſt man never was a child,
No way with ſin original defil'd;
But with high ſuper-natural underſtanding,
He over all the world had ſole commanding;
Yet though to him the regency was given
As earth's leivetennant to the God of heaven,
Though he commanded all created things,
As deputy under the King of kings,
Though he ſo highly here was dignified,
To humble him, not to be puft with pride;
He could not brag nor boaſt of high-born birth,
For he was formed out of ſlime and earth;
No beaſt, fiſh, worm, fowl, herb, wood, ſtone, tree,
But are of a more antient houſe than he;
For they were made before him, which prove this,
That their antiquity is more than his.
Thus both himſelf, and his beloved ſpouſe,
Are by creation of the younger houſe;
And whilſt they liv'd in perfect holineſs,
Their richeſt garments were bare nakedneſs,
True innocence were their chiefeſt weeds;
For righteouſneſs no maſk or vizard needs;

The royaliſt robes that our firſt parents had,
Was a free conſcience with uprightneſs clad;
They needed not to ſhift, the cloaths they wore
Was nakedneſs, and they deſir'd no more;
Until at laſt, that hell-polluting ſin,
With diſobedience ſold their ſoul within;
And having loſt their holieſt perfection
They held their nakedneſs in imperfection;
Then being both aſham'd, they both did frame,
Garments as weeds of their deſerved ſhame:
Thus when as ſin had brought God's curſe on man,
Then ſhame to make apparel firſt began;
E're men had ſaid moſt plain it does appear,
He neither did, nor needed cauſe menſwear;
For his apparel did at firſt begin,
To be the robes of pennance for his ſin;
Thus all the brood of Adam, and of Eve,
The true uſe of apparel may perceive;
That they are liveries, badges unto all,
Of our ſins, and our Parents woeful fall;
Then more than mad the mad-brain'd people be,
Or elſe they ſee, and will not ſeem to ſee,
The ſame robes of pride that makes them ſwell,
Are tokens that our beſt deſerts are Hell,
Much like unto a traitor to his king,
Which would his countrey into deſtruction bring,
Whoſe treacheries being prov'd apparently,
He by the law is juſtly judg'd to die;
And when the books for his deſerved death,
A pardon comes, and gives him longer breath,
I think this man moſt madly would appear,
That would a halter in a glory wear,

Of life to be quite diſ-inherited;
But if he ſhould vain gloriouſly perſiſt,
To make a rope of ſilk, or golden twiſt,
And wear, it's a more honourable ſhow
Of his rebellion than courſe hemp or tow;
Might not men juſtly ſay he were an aſs,
Triumphing that he once a villain was,
And that wears an halter for the nonce,
In pride that he deſerv'd a hanging once.
Such with our Heavenly Father is the caſe,
Of our firſt parents, and their fruitful race;
Apparel is the miſerable ſign,
That we are traitors to our Lord divine,
And we like rebels ſtill moſt pride do take,
In that which ſtill moſt humble ſhould us make;
Apparel is the priſon for our ſin,
Which moſt ſhould ſhame, yet moſt we glory in;
Apparel is the ſheet of ſhame, as it were;
For man apparel never did receive,
Till he eternal death deſerv'd to have:
How vain it is for man, a clod of earth,
To boaſt of his progeny or birth,
Becauſe perhaps his anceſtors were good,
And ſprung from royal or from noble blood;
Where vertues worth did in their minds inherit,
They enjoy'd their honour by deſert and merit.
Great Alexander, king of Macedon,
Diſdain'd to be his father Philip's ſon,
But he from Jupiter would be deſcended,
And as a god be honour'd and attended;
Yet when at Babylon he prov'd but a man,
His god-head ended fooliſh as't began;
There was in Cicily a proud phyſician,
Menecrates, and he through high ambition,

T

To be a god himſelf would needs prefer,
And would forfooth be deemed Jupiter;
King Dionyſius making a great feaſt,
The fool god diſguis'd to be a great beaſt;
Who by himſelf was at a table plac'd,
Becauſe as god he ſhould the more be grac'd;
The other gueſts themſelves did feed and fill,
He at an empty table ſtill ſat ſtill;
At laſt with humble low Sir Reverence,
A fellow came with fire and frankincenſe,
And offered to his god-ſhip, ſaying then,
Perfumes were fit for gods, and meat for men;
The god in anger raiſe incontinent,
Who laughed, and in hunger homeward went.
The Roman Emperor Domitian
Would be a god, was murdered by a man.
Caligola would be a god of wonders,
And counterfeit the lightening and the thunders,
Yet every real heavenly thunder crack,
This cateif in ſuch fear and terror ſtrake,
That he would quake, and ſhake, and hide his head
n any hole, or underneath his bed;
And when this godleſs god had many ſlain,
A Preband daſht out his ungodly brain:
And thus the Almighty ſtill againſt pride doth frown,
And caſts ambition headlong tumbling down.
Great Pompey would be all the world's ſuperior,
nd Caeſar unto none would be inferior;
ut as they both did live ambitiouſly,
both of them untimeous deaths did die:
he one in Ægypt had his final fall,
he other murdered in the capital.
number more examples are beſide,
hich ſhows the miſerable fall of pride;

For

For pride of ſtate, birth, wiſdom, beauty, ſtrength,
And pride in any thing will fall at length;
But to be proud of garments that we wear,
Is the moſt fooliſh pride a heart can bear:
Know that of thine own thou doth poſſeſs,
Nothing but ſin and woeful wretchedneſs;
A Chriſtian's pride ſhould only be in this,
When he can ſay, that God his father is;
When grace and mercy well applied, afford
To make him brother unto Chriſt his Lord;
When he unto the Holy Ghoſt can ſay,
Thou art my ſchoolmaſter whom I will obey.
When he can call the ſaints his fellows, and
Say to the angels for my guard you ſtand;
This is a laudable and Chriſtain pride,
To know Chriſt and to know him crucified;
This is that meek ambition low aſpiring,
Which all men ſhould be earneſt in deſiring:
Thus to be proudly humble is the thing,
Which will us to the ſtate of glory bring;
But yet beware of pride hypocritical,
For pride in every thing will have a fall;
A lofty mind with lowly cap on knee,
Is humble pride and meek hypocriſie;
As a great ſhip ill ſuited with ſmall ſail,
A Judas mean'd all miſchief, cry'd all hail;
Like the humility of Abſalom,
That ſort of pride much dangers waits upon;
They are the counterfeit, God ſave you, Sirs,
That have their flatteries in particulars,
That courteouſly can hide their own intents,
Under varieties of complements;
Theſe vipers bend the knee, and kiſs the hand,
And ſwear, ſweet Sir, I am at your command;

proudly make humility a ſcrew,
ring themſelves into opinion's view:
pride is hateful, dangerous and vile,
ſhall itſelf at laſt itſelf beguile:
pride is deadly ſin, and ſin brings ſhame,
h here I leave to hell from whence it came.

NCE the water of Ail Scots they are all chang'd and gone,
Except brave Whitſlade and Hardin,
Satchels his eſtate is gone,
pt his poor deſignation,
h never no man ſhall poſſeſs,
ɔt a Scot deſigned Satchels.
ierefore begone my book, ſtretch forth thy wings and fly,
ngſt the nobles and gentility:
r't not to ſell to ſcavingers and clowns,
iven to worthy perſons of renown.
iumber's few I've printed in regard
harges have been great, and I hope reward;
ɜ'd not print many above twelve ſcore,
the printers are engag'd that they ſhall print no more.

FINIS.

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